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No. 188.

A BEAUTIFUL PRESENCE.

BY FRANK M. IMBRIE.

- There's a beautiful presence in our home
 Which follows me all day long,
 Its radiance beams where'er I roam,
 And burdens my burst of song.
 Oh, can you not gress what this nectar is
 That runs my chalice o'er,
 And makes my hallowed day-dreams dwell
 On the blissful Evermore?
- As I pace my vine-flowered lattice
- May pace my vine-howered lattice
 Where sum-darts filter through,
 This beautiful, soulful joyousness
 Outrivals the sunborn hue,
 Ob. can you not think what this brightness is
 That comes at twilight's hour,
 And fills my dreaming fancies
 With strange, sweet, mystic power?
- Methinks as I list to the caroling notes
 That evening songsters trill,
 That this earth-born sprite from the wildwood came
 Our homeland bower to fill.
 Ah, now you know what this being is
 That makes my heart love-wild;
 List, the whispered, joy-breathed tone:
 "Tis Lura, our poet-child.

Ytol:

Lost, Wedded, Widowed and Rewon. A STORY OF TRIALS AND BALMS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., AUTHOR OF "STEALING A HEART." "BLACK HAND,"
"IRON AND GOLD," "RED SCORPION," "PEARL OF
FEARLS," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "CAT
AND TIGER," "FLAMING TALISMAN," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

A HEART'S SACRIFICE TO DUTY. "But whence the deadly hate
That caused all this? * * *

"The silent, soft and humble heart
In the violet's hidden sweetness breathes;
And the tender soul that can not part.
A twine of evergreen fondly wreathes."

—Percival.

"I know not if the sunshine waste,
The world is dark since thou art gone!"
—Willis.

THE Dufours were near neighbors to our characters of the Lyn farm.

A broad estate it was, with acres richly cultivated through the seasons, and yielding bountiful harvests. Its handsome dwelling had been improved many times within a few years; and whatever Gerald Dufour lacked in other qualifications, he certainly had the reputation of being a steady, business-like, successful farmer. He was a man of peculiar likes and dislikes:

He was a man of peculiar likes and dislikes; tempered, and exceedingly unpopular in Bud Villa. But whether this latter fact an-

noyed him was not apparent; he was always cold, haughty, irritable, decidedly bear-like in his domestic life, and, by his actions, causing braver gossips to say that there must be some great secret locked in Gerald Dufour's breast, which made him seem to dread a too close contact with the busy world.

Wharle, after separating from his sad little sweetheart, on that bright Sunday noon, reached home just as the farmer and his wife were sitting down to dinner.

He perceived a worried look in his mother's face; and on his father's brow there was a lowering frown, boding a tempest.
"Well, sir," said Gerald Dufour, carving

spitefully at the fowl, "where have you been?" Wharle was surprised. Such a question had not been asked him for over a year.

"Over to the Lyn farm, father." "Ahem!—have, eh? To see that girl Ytol?" A pause ensued, the silence broken by the cracking of the bones and joints, as the knife went savage and jerking through the meat.

Mrs. Dufour sat very still.

Well, sir, I saw you." "Saw me, father ?"

"Yes, sir; I want you to understand that I saw you—saw it all. "What, father?"

" Your outlandish tom-fooleries with the waif of the Lyn farm.

"There's nothing foolish between Ytol and "I say there is!" interrupted Dufour, striking

the table with the hundle of his knife, neglecting the carving, and gazing sternly at his son.

The contention had begun. Mrs. Dufour gave her husband an appealing glance; but it

I say there is foolishness between you and this girl Ytol-too much of it. And I want it stopped. Do you hear?—stopped at once."
"Father—" began Mrs. Dufour.
"Silence!" And to Wharle: "She has al-

ready captivated you by her pretty face and artful coyness. If it goes any further, there'll be trouble. Remember that—trouble."

Wharle's handsome face colored; but his

voice was firm as he asked "What has Ytol done, father, that you object to my acquaintance with her?"
"No matter," bluntly, and he resumed his

manipulation of knife and fork. "Has Ytol ever wronged you?" A momentary glance from the hard, dark

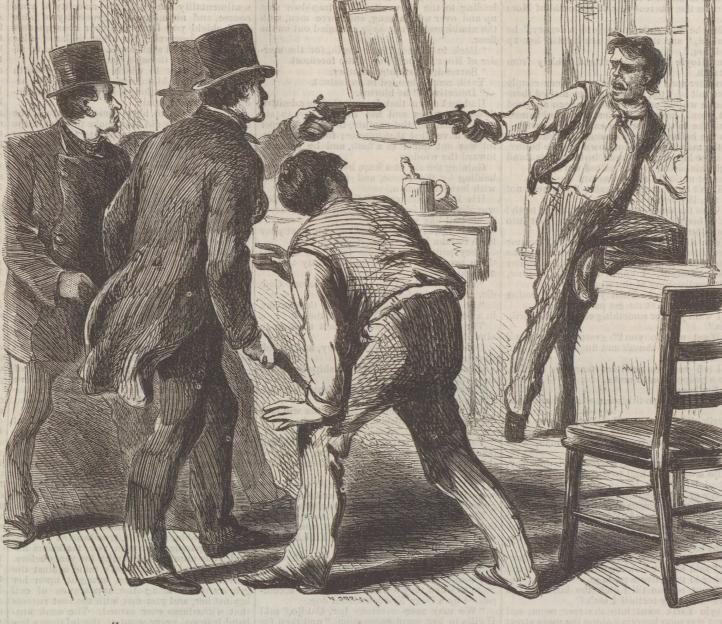
"Is not Ytol a good girl, father?"

"She is, indeed," put in Mrs. Dufour, who felt it her duty to do the friendless child that "Dora!" he exclaimed.

"I can't help it, Gerald; everybody knows that Ytol is gentle and good, though no one will bestow a smile upon her."

Because she's a waif, the offspring of some disreputable pair—"
"Take care!" she warned, in a strange tone. as he uttered the last.

'She's a waif, and that's enough. "Not enough for me," defended the wife. "The child is not to blame for-" 'Dora !- you forget yourself," sharply, and



"Not yet, my hearties! Come on, blast your teeth!--take Hoyle Yarik, if you can!"

no further remark, but gazed steadily into his face, which was purpling with a half-curbed

"They are already too intimate. I saw him kiss her. "Nay, dear father and mother, don't quarrel

and about Ytol," begged Wharle "The first thing we know they'll be genuine vers. Then what? Do you suppose I would lovers. permit it? Sooner see him dead! I have other

views for our son You should have spoken sooner, father, said Wharle.

"What do you mean by that?" "We are lovers already."

"It is too late now for us to be dragged asunder." "What - what have you been saying to

her?" he gasped, choking with pent rage.
"The same that you said to my mother once," answered Wharle, calmly, and his honest brown eyes never flinched

"Do you mean to tell me that you are pledged to each other?—you—two children." "Don't be angry, father. I know that every body is unkind to Ytol, because she is poor and shrouded in mystery, because she can not name her parents. She is abused by words and acts, despised and buffeted. But she is good and pure, and her father and mother must have

"They were not. Bad philosophy!" Dufour sen. cried. "The fairest flowers come from

the filthiest dirt perhaps!" "Her God is our God!" continued the boy, eloquently, "and in His eyes she is spotless, and worthy of anybody's love. If she is unfortu-nate, it is not her fault. Not a girl in the whole village more deserving than she for her truth, her humble spirit, and her modesty. She loves me dearly. And I have vowed—yes, vowed that

she shall be my wife—"
"Never!—if I have to kill you first," cried the father, half-blind, and swaying unsteadily in his consuming wrath. "How dare you! you—'sdeath !"

'Oh, Heaven!" moaned Mrs. Dufour, hiding

her face in her hands.

"Father—" Wharle arose, and stood holding by the back of his chair, while his face glowed, do not talk of killing me; you are not your self now, and know not what you say. sorry that I should have gone contrary to your wishes; but, I repeat, it is too late to retract. I could not—if I would—desert Ytol, without breaking her confiding heart. Heaven knows, her existence is miserable enough as it is—and that same Heaven shall judge me when I say will be true to Ytol though I have to rebel

gainst you!" The boy was warmed to a vigorous spirit giving vent to his feelings in a way that held Gerald Dufour, for the time, listening. His eyes flashed out the enthusiasm of his soul; he aised a hand aloft and pointed upward, as if There was far more of meaning in this reminder than a listener could detect. She made right and wrong of this impressive scene. invoking the ear of Him who best knew the ing,

Then:

"Curse this Ytol! Curse her winning ways Accursed be every hour of her existence! shall not marry her! I would rather stab you to the heart first! You shall not!-vou shall not !-no !-never !"

He wheeled from the table, and, grasping up his hat, strode from the house. He walked along the graveled way at a

quick, uneven pace, and, pursuing an indefinite course, presently entered one of the broad fields just greening with young wheat.

He was lost to every thing but his passion, which consumed him, maddened him; and all singular and unexplained this dire, more than hatred, which he evinced toward pretty, harmless Ytol.

Then a revolution seemed to form within A short distance off, on the right, he could see farmer Lyn's house; and he turned abruptly in its direction, muttering:

'She must be gotten out of the way. This must be prevented. Curse the fate which has attached to her line!—one that deprived me of a brother. My son marry her?—never!"

As he neared the dwelling, he paused on hearing a loud cry coming from within. Rebecca Lyn's voice was crying out harshly, and Ytol was screaming for mercy, as the re-lentless spitfire plied the stinging strap.

"Mother Lyn! Mother Lyn! Don't!—oh, don't beat me any more!" rung in the ears of the listener outside, as he halted behind the anof the stable. Perhaps Gerald Dufour might have softened

toward the unhappy creature while thus witnessing her actual sufferings. But the dark cloud settled again in his face. "No, no; no pity here. No pity for the child of those for whom I once swore eternal hate! And sooner than see her the wife of

Wharle, I'd kill both her and him." Then Mother Lyn:
"Now, you vixen! I said I'd thrash you when I came back, and I've kept my word.
Away with you, and bring the chickens for dinner. Stir yourself, or I'll give you some

Ytol came out, weeping bitterly. Her whipping had been severe; yet she felt far more the undying animosity of her tormentor than

she did the merciless blows. Not a day passed without the usual punishment, till her tender flesh was striped and blue with the marks of violence.

called a low voice near her. She looked quickly up.
"Why, Mr. Dufour—are you here?"

"Come to me, Ytol; I want to speak to

His tone was kind and persuasive. It was assumed to further his plans—for he had con-ceived a plot by which to sunder the mutual attachment existing between the two children.
"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Dufour"—euetseying, "but, indeed, I haven't a minute to spare. I must hurry back, or mother Lyn will beat

For several seconds the irate farmer seemed, me. Won't you step up and see them at the

'I want to see you-not them. You poor child! I heard her whipping you, just now. I feel for you." It had been long since Gerarald Dufour used

the kindly tone with which he now addressed His sympathy brought back the tears which

she had wiped away on seeing him, and her

lips quivered with a suppressed sob.
"Come here, Ytol. I'll be answerable for your delay. I have something important to

Feeling assured of his protection, she

"My child," he said, "you have done very wrong; do you know it?"
"I don't know in what you mean, Mr. Dufour; but everybody says that of me, whatever I do, so it must be so.

"Well, I'll tell you what I mean : you have won the love of my son, Wharle." She started and paled "And is that a sin, Mr. Dufour? Oh! it has

been my only happiness. No one loves me-everybody hates me. Wharle has not treated me like the rest—and I have blessed him for it. What is there wrong in that?"
"Wait, wait. You do not consider how

serious it may turn out. Now, Ytol, I admit you are an unfortunate girl. But that can not alter the case. Let me be plain. You and Wharle can never be married with my consent, You love him-Oh! I do love him, Mr. Dufour. Don't say

that we must be parted!"
"Be sensible, Ytol. If you love him, then you must make a sacrifice in his interest." "How?" pulling nervously at the corner of

her apron.

"If he persists in holding to his vows, I shall disown him," very calmly, but very dis-

"Oh, Mr. Dufour!" she cried, clasping her hands, and turning those great blue eyes imploringly on his face, "you wouldn't do that?" "Yes, I'll cast him out without a penny Think of it: he is young and ambitious; he has the world before him, filled with brilliant prospects. If he marries you, he will be poor and must struggle constantly; and, no doubt, he would soon regret his headstrong act. His ove for you would molder away under the tax and torture of poverty, and you would both be wretched. Would you wish to blight Wharle's

life like this ?" Ytol did not reply for several moments. "I certainly wouldn't marry him if you did not consent, Mr. Dufour. I wouldn't want him

to disobey you."
His eyes gleamed.

"And you never will have my consent."
"But what am I to do?" Ytol faltered. "Will you do as I advise? Listen: why not run away from this place, where you get nothing but scolding and kicks?"
Run away!"

"Yes. You could find pleasure among strangers."

strangers."

"Oh! I couldn't leave father Lyn," said the child; "he does all he can for me. I never thought of such a thing as running away."

"But it's high time you did, my dear. I make you an offer: I'll give you a thousand dollars, if you'll leave these parts forever."

"A thousand dollars!" Ytol instantly thought of what might possibly be accomplished with such a sum; and notwithstanding she did not wish to give up father Lyn she began

did not wish to give up father Lyn, she began to consider the temptation.

Still, her eyes drooped with this fresh pang that was in her heart, and the fair head sunk slowly forward.

"It is the only way in which you can break off the unlucky engagement with Wharle. You can not marry him, and you will both feel bad every time you meet, knowing this. Nobody will mourn your absence particularly; and with a thousand dollars in your pocket, who knows but what, some day, you may be a grand lady ?"

And Ytol, to herself:
"There would be an end to these cruel whippings. I might educate myself with the money. Perhaps, after all, Wharle will not miss me so much. He would soon find some-body else to love better than me. Besides, I would not marry him without his father's concept and win all his prospects. All's for the sent, and ruin all his prospects. All's for the

"Well, Ytol, what do you say?"
"Mr. Dufour"—it cost a superhuman effort,
'I think I'll do as you advise." Gerald Dufour lost no time, now, in clinch-

ng the matter.
"To-night, at twelve o'clock," he said, al-To-light, at twelve o'cleck, he said, almost hissingly, "meet me at the mile-stone. I'll be there to give you the money. You can take the Bud Villa stage at 3 A. M.; and after that, go where you please."

"I'll be there," promised Ytol, lowly.
"Do not fail."

Just then some the bomb raise of Debase.

Just then came the harsh voice of Rebecca Ytol, you vixen! where's them chickens?" "Coming, mother Lyn—coming," answered Dufour, advancing briskly; and to Ytol: Make haste, my dear; I'll see you through." At sight of the visitor, mother Lyn's exterior

changed wonderfully. She greeted him with "Why, good-day, neighbor Dufour. How do you do? Come right straight in and make yourself at home. We're very glad to see you. Herbert! Herbert! Herbert-tl here's dear Mr.

Dufour come to see us. Herbert, I say!"

Dufour lingered long enough to explain that
Ytol had delayed to converse with him, at his request, and was not to blame. He also exacted a promise from mother Lyn that the strap

should not be used again during the afternoon. He was elated with the success of his proposition to the young girl. When he took his departure—declining their pressing invitation to dine-his habitually stern countenance wore satisfied, even jubilant expression, and he

chuckled lowly.

That night Ytol did not undress, but threw herself on the narrow couch, and lay silent in the cheerless room, with face buried in the coarse pillow.

After a while she began to sob in a hushed, painful way, and her lips murmured, brokenly:
"Oh, Wharle!—dear Wharle! And so I must give you up, after all? God bless you for every kind word with which you tried to cheer me! God bless you always, and teach you, in his strength, for your own good, to forget poor Ytol. Oh, heaven!—the sweet heaven Wharle taught me to believe is far beyond the skies, and peopled with angels that sympathize with. and watch over the oppressed-aid me, now Let me not plead in vain for that comfort and guidance which, he said, always came in an-

She slid from the bed and knelt down, raisng her eyes upward in the darkness, and pray-

The tears gushed anew over her cheeks, for Wharle had taught her that very appeal to God—a sublime, yet simple beseeching, whispered by a weary, laden soul. Slowly the hours passed; the night deepened, and she remained there, with face hid in the coverlet to drown the sob-bing; and the whole picture of the past—with its trials—was flitting through her mind: a panorama, bleak and sad, interspersed by the few recollections of endearment that centered

round Wharle Dufour. Shortly after eleven o'clock, a tip-toeing figure glided forth into the starry night.

She paused a moment to look back on her home of sadness. Carlo, the watch-dog, came bounding to her

"Good-by, Carlo—dear old fellow! good-by.
You always loved me, poor thing. I'm sorry to leave you, but I must. Poor dumb Carlo! how we have played together. You won't have anybody to romp with when I am gone. You'll soon forget me, though: Ytol won't be rememsoon forget me, though; Ytol won't be remembered long. Good-by."

She bent, as she talked in this strain, to caress the faithful animal that fawned affection-

ately against her. Then she started down the spectral lane, to keep her engagement at the Carlo followed close at her side. She strove

repeatedly to drive him back, but he would not leave her. He seemed to feel that she needed a protector; and finally, fearful of being late at the appointed spot, she allowed him his own Ytol never dreamed then that he was to be

about to open on her young life. When morning broke Ytol and Carlo were Greatest excitement prevailed on the Lyn farm. The "hands" were dispatched to scour

her valued companion in the checkered career

in every direction, and a messenger was sent to Bud Villa, to make inquiries. Rebecca Lyn immediately concluded that the child had run off, and she waited, grinding he

false teeth and fingering the strap, vowing dire-est punishment when the "vixen" should be

brought before her.
But Ytol was not to be found, of course Herbert Lyn tried not to believe that she had surely fled, and forced himself to appear calm, while his heart was mourning

The messenger returned in due time from Bud Villa, with the intelligence that Ytol had left in the three-o'clock stage accompanied by a dog known as belonging to the Lyn farm. The farmer was utterly broken down in spirit by the news. He sat like a statue before the hearth-stone, with a single burning tear trick-

ling down his hot cheek. Poor Ytol! Poor little Ytol!" he murmur ed; "I loved her as if she was my own child. It was your fault, mother Lyn—all yours; you drove her out into the cold world. May God forgive you for it! I feel that we shall never see her again—never. Poor—friendless—Ytol!"

Rebecca Lyn said nothing. She hung up the strap on its pin, and went moodily about her household affairs. It may be, just the slightest pricking of remorse entered her hardened bosom at the moment, caused by reflections on the past treatment of the child, and thoughts of the dangers to which she would be exposed while struggling alone amid the cold charity

Far off, on the banks of the shining bay, a figure was wandering about in loneliness, with sorrow-hung head.

The boy realized his loss all too keenly When he knew that Ytol had gone-perhaps forever-a damp despair shadowed over his heart; the sunny hopes and ambitions which he had cherished, to share with his loved companion, all sunk in ashes; and he roamed disconsolately nigh the dear, familiar tryst, talking and moaning to himself, and calling Ytol's name, as if he expected to see her spring from some near covert to meet him as she had been

"Oh, Ytol !-Ytol !" he groaned, in an an guished spirit, "you never loved me truly, or you would not have done this. I could bear it if it was only for a while, but to lose you forever!—to see you no more! I can not live without you! Come back to me, Ytol !- come

The ripple of the waters thrown by the soft breeze in tiny waves upon the shore; the gay, melodious warbles of birds that had no interest in his woe; the swaying of budding branches and mysterious sighs-these alone answered

All around seemed very, very drear. There were no longer any charms in the bursting beauties of spring-time; every thing seemed dark and mistful, since the sweetest, rarest flower of the scene was missing.

Ytol was miles away, speeding over the railroad, with Carlo napping at her feet—speeding further and further from the heart that pined for her, and wondering, silently, what her future was to be.

How many of us, like to her, have wondered thus, building golden castles or glorious ideals—to see them vanish in the gall-girt realisms of

> CHAPTER IV. ON THE TRAIL.

"This, this is the race for gain and grace, Richer than vases and crowns."
—TUPPER.

"How little we may count upon the future,
Or reckon what that future may bring forth!"

Name of

HOYLE YARIK shrunk back before the glis-

tening blade in Dwilla's hand. Her determined, threatening tone was not to be mistaken; he saw that the girl would fight to the death-stab him, perhaps, if he advanced another step, and he returned the flashing gaze of her lustrous eyes, pausing before her in mo-

what in thunder does all this m he demanded in a high key.

'It means that you are a fool to be frightened so easily. You are not in danger. Wait till Catdjo secures that man, and we'll proceed to business. Are you hurt, Catdjo?"

The dwarf made a sign in the negative; but

even as he did so he wiped away the blood that was trickling from a wound in his forehead, and marring his vision.

Paul Faerot still lay as if dead. The dwarf soon had him tightly bound, hand and foot.
"Take him from the room," ordered Dwilla. Catdjo raised the limp, heavy form in his muscular arms, and carried it into one of the

opposite apartments, during which space Dwilla explained to the convict Yarik was soon assured, and he restored the

pistol to his pocket.
"Blast my teeth!" he exclaimed; "I thought you'd laid a trap for me. Since it's all right, why—yes, we'll proceed to business. Drive ahead, young 'un.

He swaggered rollingly across the room, and seated himself upon the lounge, eying her Catdjo returned, bathing his forehead with a

rag. The bullet of Faerot's pistol had gouged an ugly furrow just above the temple, but the

'Now, Hoyle Yarik, do you accept my pro-

"Just state it over again, young 'un. How was it?" pulling his hat down over his eyes, and smoothing his beard with an air of im-I want to know what became of Nora Du-

four, after she left the grave of her husband, Silas, with her babe in her arms? or, what be came of that babe after it was separated from its mother, if it was separated? Dufour is alive, where is she to be found?"
"Ah!—um!" vented Yarik, removing his hat

and running his fingers through his matted hair, with his elbow propped on his knee.
"Well, Nora Dufour's dead—I reckon"—nodding significantly.
"Then the child?"

"Where's the cash, young 'un?" extending one hand, and snapping his fingers meaningly.

D willa received a large pocket-book from the Extracting the sum she had offered,

she said, inquiringly "You will tell me?"

"Mind, no trickery-" "Just hand over them notes, young 'un, and

you'll get what you want."
When he had carefully stowed away the money which Dwilla gave him, he walked to the window, relieved his mouth of its cud, swaggered back to his seat, and said:

Now, it'll take mighty few words to tell the whole thing.

Yes, yes." At that moment, unperceived by the girl, the Dwarf or the convict, the same shadow that had previously caused the scene of commotion,

fell across the shattered panes, and rested on Paul Faerot had burst his bonds, and was at his former stand playing eavesdropper. "Go on, Hoyle Yarik—this child?"

"Well, you must know. Nora Dufour died pretty soon after her husband. You know how 'It was supposed that he was murdered."

"Well-yes," mysteriously, and glancing covertly at her.
"Never mind that, Hoyle Yarik; but, go

"Before Nora Dufour died, she took her baby to a farm-house, and left it on the porch. She hadn't a red penny in the world, and was sick

at the time, so she thought she'd turn the help less thing over to somebody 'at might raise it to

"Where is this place? Where did she leave the babe?" interrupted Dwilla. "It was at the Lyn farm, about one mile out

side of Bud Villa, on the up-country road,"
"And how long ago was it?" "Some fifteen years, near as I can remem-

'Has the child a name?" "Yes, I think Herbert Lyn called it 'Ytol.' But, maybe it's changed since. I've been in

jail nigh onto six years."

"Then the child of Silas and Nora Dufour is And she-it is a girl ?-"

" Yes. "She is called Ytol?" "That's it. Toto!"

"Do you hear, Catdjo?"
There came a low, chuckling, guttural sound hardly a laugh—from the Dwarf's thick lips, and he nodded rapidly several times. 'If that's all you wanted, young 'un, I guess

'I am done with you."

Yarik withdrew, wondering upon two things first, how she knew that he possessed the information she desired; second, why this strange girl and Satan-of-a-Dwarf were so anxious to ascertain the whereabouts of the child of Nora Dufour. "Maybe the gal's come into a legacy," he

surmised, "and these folks are huntin her up to tell her." But Hoyle Yarik conjectured widely from

Another spur brought the mysterious couple in pursuit of Ytol, another object incited them one which, could Ytol have been apprised of it, would have chilled her blood and caused

her to flee to the uttermost ends of the earth. In the hallway, Yarik encountered Paul Facot, the man he had shot down awhile before The meeting startled him; instantly his hand sought his pistol, and he halted warily.
Facrot noticed the movement.

"Don't be alarmed," he said; "you need not fear me, Hoyle Yarik." "Who the devil are you? blast your teeth You've been dogging me ever since I got into iail and out of it.

"You know that I sought exactly the same information which you have just given to the parties in room 3. I'm after Ytol, the daughter f Nora Dufour. I know where she is now, or I was listening at the window."
"You was, eh? Then you needn't bother

ne any more. Let me get past here. I want you for something else, Hoyle Yarik.

"Want me, do you?" grasping the pistol butt, and fitting thumb and finger to the ham-"I tell you you need not fear me. I, also have a proposition to make."

"Yes. Step into this room with me and hear

Yarik did as requested. But, he was only half-satisfied of his safety, for he kept a close watch on the movements of the man, with vennon rendy As they disappeared beyond the doorway,

Catdjo crossed the hall to the apartment where he had left Facrot bound and insensible. A ow cry of surprise told that he had discovered the prisoner's absence; then all was still.

At the expiration of half an hour Faerot and

Yarik emerged from the room and proceeded down-stairs. The two appeared to be on exgain," said Faerot, holding him by the arm, and

pausing in the narrow passage.

"Count on me till I kick the bucket. I'm yours--blast my teeth if I ain't !" Hoyle Yarik went into the rear room, and

Faerot was soon hurrying along the main street of Bud Villa. The tavern-keeper was sitting in a contracted position, in one of the cane chairs, white as eath, and shivering as if with an ague.

He had heard the pistol-shots in the upper story, and his mind was overwhelmed at once with pictures of bloody tableaux and murdered

With limbs quaking beneath him, he hastened to close the doors and windows; and now he sat in the darkened surroundings, his face ghast-

"Hello, Je-re-my!" exclaimed the convict, pausing in astonishment, "what's the row?"

"D-de-de-de-de-" Coddle had not the power

to speak.
"What's up, Je-re-my? Blast my teeth! it's

dark enough to bring the owls out."
"Who — who — who's killed?" stammered

"Killed ?"

Who-who's shot?" "Ha! ha! ha! why, there isn't anybody hurt; only accidental explosion, Je-re-my. "Are you sure?" he asked, stuttering.

"Course I am. Only a kinder little surprise scene; no damage done. Come, let's have some light in here." As he spoke, he raised ne foot breast high, sent it crashing through the window, and burst the shutter from its

'Now, bring me a razor, Je-re-my-and mug and brush.

"A razor?" echoed Coddle.
"A razor!" shouted Yarik.

Coddle jumped at the fierce tone. "Now, my dear Hoyle, what can you want with a razor?"

To cut somebody's threat-" "Oh, Lord!"

"Hurry, Je-re-my, I want to get rid of this hair on my face, that's all." Coddle procured the articles, casting fearful glances at the savage convict as he walked un-

steadily from the room. When he returned, Yarik proceeded to shave before the broken mirror that hung on the wall. "Je-re-my, I want a new suit of clothes."
"You shall have them, my dear Hoyle; you

shall have my very best-you shall have any

"'My dear Hoyle,'" mimicked Yarik, lathering his beard; then sharply: "Fetch'em out in a hurry. I'm going to begin a new life today, Je-re-my. I haven't got much time to spare—why don't you move?"

"Yes, yes, I'll bring them."
Coddle made all possible haste to supply him. He felt encouraged by the thought that he would soon be rid of this half-ferocious, law-hunted and much feared individual—rid of im in a manner which we will show present-

He brought his new clothes and laid them on

"Now, Je-re-my, we'll fix up our old accounts. You've got some money of mine."
"My dear Hoyle—"
"My dear Hoyle!" in whining imitation of

"Come, Je-re-my, shell out. When I was captured and sent to jail for that little affair on the 'Gipsy Queen,' I left a thousand dollars with you, Produce it, Je-re-my—produce it, old boy."
Coddle seemed dismayed.

"But, Hoyle, you don't really want it—"
"Yes, I do, Je-re-my; so hand it over."
"But, it isn't in the house. I haven't it

protested the tavern-keeper, trembling till he nearly sunk down.
"You lie, Je re-my!" Yarik had done shaving, and was leisurely

putting on his outfit. He spoke in a peculiarly quiet voice, but Coddle shuddered as the blear yes glanced on him.
"My dear Hoyle—"

"Don't you 'dear' me any more, blast your teeth! Give me what belongs to me. Quick, now, or I'll draw the edge of that razor around Coddle groaned aloud.

"I haven't it in ready money, Hoyle; it's loaned out at interest—indeed it is. All my capital's invested. If you'll only wait—"
"I won't wait!" Yarik snarled. "And I say you lie! I'll give you five minutes to produce

that thousand. He paused in his shirt sleeves, and took up the razor from the table, fingering it menacing-

"Hoyle! Hoyle!"—the affrighted tavernkeeper dropped to his knees and clasped his hands—"I swear it isn't in the house! Don't! for the Lord's sake, don't !" What Yarik might have done was suddenly

revented. In the center of the room was a trap-door, leading to the ale vault. This trap-door shot up and over with a bang, and three men, with the nimbleness of monkeys, bounded out on the

"Back to prison, Hoyle Yarik, for the mur-der of Nora Dufour!" cried the foremost. 'Surrender I" shouted another.

Yarik comprehended in an instant. Detectives!" he blurted. Had he known that Jeremy Coddle admitted those detectives and hid them away, to aid them in making the capture, the tavern-keeper would have died that minute; for Yarik's pistol was out quick as a flash, and he bounded

toward the window. Gaining the sill at a leap, he paused, upright, holding by the frame, and faced his enemies with leveled weapon. His hair stood out wildly, his whole mien

was desperate, ferocious, defiant as he roared, n his bull-like voice: "Not yet, my hearties! Come on, blast your

teeth!—take Hoyle Yarik if you can!"

They paused before the frowning muzzle; three revolvers raised simultaneously to bear "Catch him! Catch him!" screamed Cod-

dle. "Don't let him escape!"
"So you did this, eh?" bellowed the convict, in a terrible accent. "Take that, then!" The pistol cracked, and its ball sped on an

im of death. Coddle uttered a shriek of agony, and reeled, ossing his arms aloft.

Blending with this rung the whip-like snaps and reports of the revolvers. Hoyle Yarik went backward, through frame and sash, amid a shower of glass.
But when the detectives reached the window he convict had vanished.

The stage that left Bud Villa at three o'clock on the morning subsequent to the events of this chapter contained Dwilla St. Jean and the

On the outside of the coach, with the driver. were Paul Facrot and Hoyle Yarik-both disguised beyond possibility of recognition.

The first named couple had been to Lyn

farm; but they missed their object, whatever it was: for the reader knows that Ytol had fled on Sunday night.

and considerable start ahead of them, but they felt confident of being able to trace her-the more so when they learned that she was accompanied by a large Newfoundland dog. "We may soon overtake her, Catdjo," said willa to her mute companion, "and then for

Dwilla to her mute companion, "and then for your revenge! I wish the thing was over. You've been dragging me all over the country. till I'm tired.' The Dwarf's eyes were flashing, and his

beast-like face was contorted twice-savagely. But the gloom of the coach covered this sign of Reaching the station, they made inquiries, and

soon ascertained that a young girl answering to their description, and having with her a large dog, had taken a Philadelphia train on the norning previous. 'Oh, Catdjo !-tickets for Philadelphia." While these two were foot-hot in the wake

of Ytol, for a purpose to be developed in due time, Faerot and Yarik were their close companions, following the same scent, though with far different object in view.
Would they find her?
And Ytol?—where was she while the four, in

couples, were so mysteriously pursuing her? And what tangled web was their presence weaving for her future?

(To be continued—commenced in No. 187.)

The Creole Wife: THE COUSIN'S SCHEME

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON. AUTHOR OF "CORAL AND RUBY." "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED,
"STRANGELY WED," CEOIL'S DECEIT." "MADAME
DURAND'S PROTEERS," "THE FALSE
WIDOW," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XXI. A SHADOW.

THERE was another listener—one who had not come accidentally upon that angry word-drawn battle. In her own room, lighted by the rosy sunset gleams, Mrs. Leland had thrown of her outdoor summer wrappings, then passed through the dimming corridor, down the stairway which she had descended by mistake on the first evening of her arrival at the Homestead. She did not go to the library however, but by another turn passed into the dim shadowy den, the almost unused study at the rear. Crouching down with her ear pressed close to the door communicating between the

generosity, of asking a little time to retrieve the evil fortune which has come upon me, and through me—yourself. I have no plea to excuse the liberty I was guilty of in using that idle capital of yours-no excuse, but the simple state of the case was this: The enterprise promised such certain success, and you had always been willing to trust every thing to my

seemed no reason why I should not use that reserved sum, except that scruple of yours which in a business light rather lost its sentimental coloring. I was very confident, and if I had met success instead of failure you would never have known, and I should have turned an honest penny from the operation. I did fail however, the small beautiful to the state of the small house the small house. ever. There's no use mincing the small bones while there's a whole skeleton to be disposed I really fear you are so deeply involved that the Homestead may have to be sacrificed to preserve your own credit and the honor of

consideration, of course."

The white heat of Elmer Casselworth's wrath fact, he had no definite knowledge of his own resources, except perhaps a vague supposition that they were exhaustless. He failed to comprehend it even now, or refused to credit the other's defiant assertion.

"No use mineing matters now," Darcy had thought. "As well know what I may expect from him at the outset as to wait for the slower discovery of the rest which is to come. no hope now of keeping any thing back—no hope of any thing more than the possibility that he may accept the situation without visit ing any worse consequences on my head than have already fallen there."

"If you had even asked that much of me, Elmer said, "the sacrifice of the Homestead," would have granted it sooner than have touch ed one cent of the money which has seemed like blood-money—the price of her life. Sneer at the sentimentality of that if you will; no weak sentimentality can cover the rascality of your course, and no misapplied generosity of mine shall shield you from whatever consequences you have deserved. No other dollar of mine shall go to swell such losses as I may have al-

ready sustained through you, The one hope to which Darcy Casselworth had clung, that his cousin might be led to acknowledge his own forged signature, was dwin-

dling hopelessly small.
"I was a fool to have come here at all," he thought. "Why did I not make the best of the time I had instead of trusting to the weakness of that obstinate idiot? Let him alone and the chances are he could not swear that the signa ture was either true or false. There's no reason

in him, in that mood at least." The instant of silence in which that thought was embraced was broken by an unexpected voice as the listener at the doorway came for ward to disclose himself.

Will you ring for lights, Mr. Casselworth I think I may have something of importance to reveal at this juncture." Darcy Casselworth turned with a start and a

"Grandison! It only required this—for you to turn against me." His short, heavy breathing was audible throughout the room. He realized in that moment as he had never expect ed to realize, how hard the path of the transgressor may become; but his sleuth-hound per sistency of bold courage did not desert him even now; there was no penitence in his heart —not even the penitence born of the fear of consequences, "Yes, by all means, let us have lights and hear the heavy accusation to the end. It is an accusation, I presume, since yo have it in your power to make the last one."

"It is an accusation, though perhaps not of the kind you may be expecting." As Grandi-son spoke, the master of the mansion turned to the mantel, and finding matches, lit an astral lamp standing there. "An accusation that does not relate to this disastrous failure of yours which I have labored faithfully for eight years to make so complete, that, for the sake of buying undeserved mercy at the last you might be forced to confess the truth. Eight years ag you triumphed in an infamous scheme to th ruin of a noble, generous, true-hearted woman You had pursued her with your malicious ha tred, your unprovoked enmity for years before You poisoned her husband's mind against the purest of her sex. You wrought upon her generosity to bring the appearance of evil against her, and you met with the best success that wickedness ever earned. The weak husband believed every word of the infamous lies you told him. No, don't interrupt—don't attempt to add another to the overwhelming list for which you will have to answer. I have worked for eight years to vindicate the noble | more perceptible sneer than before voman whom you so foully defamed. I think I have the power to extort the truth from you

"The truth!" It was Elmer Casselworth repeating the words in a startled, breathless way. Who is this woman whom he defamed-

The schemer whose evil works were rising up, one by one, to witness again him, stood still. He had folded his arms across his breast, his head was bent forward a little as he listened with that slight sneering smile upon his face, the hard glitter in the eyes that did not waver under the scathing gaze of his accuser; no change in his face except in the slight pallor which had marked his appearance during the entire day. With one swift glance at the startled, intensely excited face of the duped husband, the stock-broker's gaze returned to the man who was bearing his inevitable defeat with the silent desperation of defiance still.

Altogether they presented an exciting spectacle, those three men, each swayed by an intensity of more than common feeling; two waiting with suspended breaths for what might come next, the hand of the third going to his breast, not for any weapon concealed, but for a folded paper which he held there for a mo-

ment.
"That woman was your wife, Elmer Casselworth—your wife whom you cast out of your heart and home, denying her the comfort of her child's love, denying her even the opportunity of pleading her innocence to your ear, and all on the word of a schemer and a villain whose dupe you have been from first to last. Your cousin's wife, Darcy Casselworth, whom you would have pursued into the obscurity her outraged heart prompted her to seek rather than take any thing from the favor of the man who could so weakly misjudge her. Do you see this paper?—ah, you recognize it! You know what it holds of vital importance to you in this issue. You know what a powerful addition will be made to your long list of frauds if this be presented against you. You shall see it shrivel above the blaze of the lamp yonder if you wish, and the price of it is the confession of your agency in all which led to that unjust sentence

"Since you ask it, I fear that you are rather deeply involved, my dear cousin. I came out for the purpose of throwing myself upon your generosity, of asking a little time to retrieve are not usually in the habit of paying such prices for the vindication of beauty 'frail as

to the truth. counts. You've got some money of mine."

"My dear Hoyle—"

"My dear Hoyle !" in whining imitation of the tavern-keeper's wavering tone; and then:

"Indigenent; I had your standing authority for transacting all business in your name, and when I found it indispensable to command a the tavern-keeper's wavering tone; and then:

"Indigenent; I had your standing authority for transacting all business in your name, and when I found it indispensable to command a larger amount than any I had in hand, there

"My dear Hoyle !" in whining imitation of the sympathy of your cousin's larger amount than any I had in hand, there

"My dear Hoyle !" in whining imitation of the sympathy of your cousin's larger amount than any I had in hand, there

noble exile, won the profuse expression of gratitude which, had it been real, would have been no more than her earnest efforts in his behalf should naturally call forth. It was the basest of treachery, as you know. You maneuvered that her husband should witness that scene; you had him primed with your false reports until, inflamed with jealous passion as he was, he could but put one construction upon it all. It was the heavy weight that turned the balance, and the woman whose heart was true as gold faulty perhaps as her fiery, impetuous nature family name—the last a very important sideration, of course." could scarcely avoid but never false, never swerving in her true allegiance to the man whom she loved with the fervor of her whole was aggravated by the other's coolly insolent assurance. He had not realized that he might be hopelessly disabled by his cousin's losses. In made life brightest, in humiliation heaped upon her proud head, in the basest betrayal misguided friendship ever met. And you were the concealed enemy who brought it all about. Confess the truth, or let this paper consign you to the place of all others which you merit most. It is not the only penitentiary offense of which you have been guilty perhaps, but it is most certainly the one through which you have most cause to apprehend action. It is useless to measure the distance with your eye—you stand no chance of surprising me into letting you gain possession of it. You must pay the price for it by an honest statement of the truth, Mr.

Casselworth." "You seem so well acquainted with the facts that the familiarity induces me to wonder what pleasant auspices put you in possession of them? Perhaps you at some date experienced that 'generous friendship-'"

'Spare your sneers and covert allusions, sir! I know what woman it was personated the false Count Barcelli. You are not in a situation where defiance can benefit you now. Better take advantage of the chance while it offers than court the justice which might be dealt to a fraudulent operator, perjurer and forger."

The warning of that advice was not lost upon

Darcy Casselworth. In the long game he had been playing he had been beaten to the death, and there was no object now in concealing any one of his treacherous moves-no object, he thought, that the woman whose deep injury he had wrought was an almost forgotten memory upon the earth; forgotten quite, except by a very few, and of them all, this man who had suddenly turned his accuser seemed the most faithful.

The listener at the study door, upon her knees, with her ear pressed close to the key-hole, was breathless and motionless awaiting his reply. The man, whose confidence he had betrayed, whose covert enemy he had been, was as still, waiting with as intent watchfulness, his eyes seeming as if they would have burned through the cold, sneering mask to his false cousin's very soul.
"Such an inducement is quite irresistible.

It all occurred precisely as you say, Mr. Grandison, and Faustia never won such applause in any of her amateur performances as she deserved for her characterization of the pseudocount. I presume you found means to tempt her betrayal of the plot, which proves the folly of trusting to the discretion of the sex. The aper, if you please." From the unsuspected listener came a faint

cry of protest as she started up, with her hand upon the knob, with a wild impulse to wrench open the door and proclaim her faithfulness to him. But it did not yield. It was fast locked, and she sunk down to her former position again. Faint cry and slight stir had not been heard by one of the absorbed trio.

"Are you convinced?" Grandison turned toward the master of the Homestead, struck lizzy and faint by that shameless admission and an overpowering sense of the fearful wrong which had been done to the wife, whose apposed unworthiness had never quite aliented his love.

"Heaven pardon me, I believe he has spoken The vindication has come far, far too late God pity me; I never can forgive myself! He was shaken to an extent pitiful to see in any man. Grandison, hardened by the thought of Etoile's sufferings, would not speak the words of comfort he might have uttered, and Darcy Casselworth, reaching his steady hand for the paper, which might be made to tell with such frightful effect against him, spoke with a

"Such a charming opportunity for a reconciliation, self-accusation, reformation, devotion and bliss to the end of the chapter, one is inclined to question the wise Providence which ordained the taking off a principal actor in the ittle episode, which is proving of such apparent interest just now. Thanks, Grandison; for this favor at least I owe you something. I can only hope the satisfaction you have realized may prove sufficient recompense for whatever losses you sustained in the gigantic scheme which has cost me so decidedly heavily. Not hoping for any further benefits, I leave you to console yonder stricken one; my single regret in seeing this slip demolished is that it spares the necessity of sacrificing the Homestead, which, however, is a secondary consideration to the possibility of myself becoming the sacri-

He had taken the forged note, and, holding it above the light, watched it blaze and fall away in scattering, tiny flakes of black ashes. Paul Grandison turned from the room as he deliver ed it; he had performed his mission there, and he had neither a word of sympathy for the sufferer, whose greatest fault had been his too credulous weakness, nor one of explanation or reproof to the daring schemer, for whose overthrow he had so faithfully worked. With a single glance at the bowed, stricken figure, with ashy face hidden in tremulous hands, that were wet with the scalding tears of contrition and remorse, Darcy Casselworth walked after him, free in the hour of his defeat of the worst fear which had hung above him for the last twenty

Out through the shadowy corridors from under the roof which had been a generous shelter to him for more than half the years of his life. A glimmer of white through the deepening outdoor dusk warned him of Audrey's lingering still there upon the lawn, and he turned in an opposite direction to avoid encountering her. At the opening of the old garden walk, in the very spot where, eight years before, he had faced the wife, innocent of the frailty he had ascribed to her, he paused, and those last words she had uttered came back to him through that long lapse of time. So surely as God reigns and heaven is above

us you shall suffer atonement for all the misery you have brought upon me, Darcy Casselworth The charming creole in that moment looked quite equal to hunting retribution home on her own account," he reflected. "If she had You will pardon me for preferring to lived I really believe she would not have stophold the paper in my own hands and assuring ped short of the present consummation; having myself of its genuineness, before so much as died, she left an able avenger in the shape of died, she left an able avenger in the shape of considering the extremely easy alternative you Grandison turning so unexpectedly to rake up have presented." the old ashes of her wrongs. Curse the man! "You shall have it when you have confessed what are her wrongs to him that he need rake Confess what accomplice of yours up the old remembrances? One last look at

MARINE TOURS TOURS OF SE

He stood—a tall, still figure—looking back at the was not paying any attention to the night her love. Let my deserts overtake me if it is she dim old pile. Very peaceful was the scent-sky above, to the sweet summer earth stretch-selfish to believe that Artrell is unworthy, utthe dim old pile. Very peaceful was the scent-ed atmosphere of the brooding purple dusk. The stars were coming out in brilliant points, the shrubbery made clumps of dense shadow, and across the wide, open space the outlines of the massive old Homestead building were vaguely defined. He scarcely felt one pang of regret looking back at the generous mansion, where his plots and deceit had wrought such unhappy results-for the last time indeed, through his own active agency, had he but known—scarcely a regret, and what he did experience was the selfishness of knowing his own ambitions aims defeated.

A swift step, which he did not observe, came out through the shadowed path, and a hand dropped upon his arm with a clinging, caressing

"Darcy, oh, Darcy! I was listening, and I know all—all. You did deceive me back there at the village, for the rumor meant hopeless ruin to you; but I have forgiven you that with all the rest in the trouble which has come to you now. Did you think it would make a difference with me? You don't know how true a woman's love can be if you did."
"True, indeed, when it leads you to betray

your share and mine in the work of eight years

"I never did it, Darcy. I never betrayed any confidence of yours-not even the last and dearest one when you promised to make me your wife after all the dreary, repressed longing of years. She discovered it herself—the woman you plotted against—and she never died, after all. There was some great mixthall. There was some great mistake, or, perhaps, she spread the report herself to disarm you of suspicion. Either way she is alive tonight, and it is her work has unearthed the

"Alive! Have you lost your senses, Faustia?" Darcy spoke in sharp, quick tones. "You were never particularly noted for having sense, I remember, but it is the most arrant nonsense you are talking now. It is impossible that Etoile should be alive."

They were the words and tone of a man struggling against a belief which he would rather not indulge, which was fastening upon him

against his own will. 'It is solemn truth if I ever uttered it! She is alive, and I saw her—I saw her not two hours ago. It is she calling herself Mrs. Car-roll, who has taken the old house on Wildbank Commons. I did not know her then; she is changed, and she kept her face shaded, but I saw her reflection in the mirror for one moment and all but recognized her then. I believe she identified me in the same instant with the count of eight years ago; she gave me such a terrible look it has haunted me ever since. She must have suspected something before; I remember now how, leading the subject indirectly, she persuaded me into offering to play and sing, and she must have caught some of the old familiar expressions in either my face or voice. It all flashed across me as I heard that man, Grandison, bringing his charges up

against you. What a faculty you possess for making important discoveries a little too late. If you only might have anticipated any one of these late disasters, how you might have turned the tide. For instance, had you suspected the fi-nancial ruin which threatened my consin along with me you would not have made such desperate love to him, drawing the weak fool on to the very verge of a proposal, and thereby necessitating my interference and further play at love-making. Had you suspected our mutual the Homestead with your presence at all. Had you got wind of the rumor in the streets a little earlier, the poor victim in there might be in blissful ignorance of his misery yet. Pity the 'if' in our lives is at once such a despotic rule and such an evasive will-o'-the-wisp. Let me say good-night, Mrs. Leland; good-night and good-by, most likely. This last intelligence of yours surpasses all the rest."

"Darcy, you shall not leave me yet—not in is way. All the rest of the world may desert you in this deep trouble which has come, but I never shall. Tell me where I may come to you, or let me go with you now. I couldn't stay here to face her when she comes to take her rightful place again, as she will. The thought of going back to the house after what has passed sends a dread through me. Let me go with you, let me be your wife this very night, our lives joined beyond power of any to

part us."
"It is remarkable how obtuse you women can be on occasions. I don't especially desire to wound that delicate sensibility of yours-I never suspected you of possessing an element of that sort heretofore-but, 'pon honor! it would take a greater inducement than any the prospect now holds out to burden me with such a charming model of art as yourself, my dear Faustia. Men have married wives who were passe, artificial, tenderly sentimental and -thirty-seven, but never for sweet love's

"Yet you loved me once, Darcy "A little mistake of yours, Mrs. Leland; not quite unfounded, perhaps, considering woman's proverbial vanity. I was forced to counterfeit the tender passion on two widely-separate occasions. On the first you were scarcely to blame for believing; but this latter

time-oh, Faustia!-you were surely too old a bird to be caught by such very apparent chaff.' "Darcy, take care! There is a limit to all human endurance, and I give you the last chance now to tie me to you by such bonds of strong devotion as your prosperity scarcely could have done. Tell me that you were only trying me with that; take back those harsh, cruel, mocking words. Surely my long constancy to my first love deserves a better re-

turn 'And such constancy !- you overwhelm me with the magnitude of your generosity, your sweetly forgiving, eagerly sacrificing spirit! One must wander so widely from the truth to accuse you of confiding innocence that I can only express again my surprise at the discovery of such unsuspected attributes in you—tender plants so foreign to the soil. What a pity to nip their fresh young growth in the very bud! I can't truthfully retract a single word—harsh, cruel and mocking though they may be. never cared the turn of my hand for you in reality, Faustia—never for any woman indeed except one, and that one was Etoile Dupree, my cousin's wife. I don't mind giving you the secret of my plots against her, now that they have failed beyond hope of repair. Don't let me detain you, Mrs. Leland. Night dews are no aids to complexion at your age, besides being conducive to catarrhs, influenzas, and such trials of beauty, and really your claim that way

grows slimmer every day. Turning, he walked away with long, swift strides, and Faustia, half crouching where he left her, looked after him with eves that were like phosphorescent points in the deep gloom. When he let himself out into the high-road there was a dark figure creeping after, stealthily and closely following like a panther on the

The gloom lifted a little as he walked on toward the village. There was a moon which would be up presently, the faint light of which

sky above, to the sweet summer earth stretching around. The last drop of bitterness had been added to his cup of defeat. Etoile was alive! Etoile, whom he had both loved and hated—loved in defiance of his cool cynicism, his mercenary heart, his lifelong precept; hated because he had lost her, and through her lost also the chance of succession to his cousin's estates. She was alive and would be reunited to the husband from whom his duplicity had separated her, eight years before. He could have gnashed his teeth and ground out curses rage and despair sweeping over him, but Mr. Darcy Casselworth had not exercised an entire life of self-control and impassive demeanor to give way to such exhaustive and useless expressions of the turmoil filling his restore all to happy unity before to-morrow's

Ahead of him to the right rose the mansion where her happy early wedded days had been passed. She had been such a bright, blitheome creature, even through her most varying moods, when the young couple returned to take possession there after the wedding tour; she had been so sweet, so gentle, so wonder-fully changed and improved a little later with the grace of her young motherhood upon her. There was no comfort to him in these remem brances. He would rather have the knowledge of that terrible fate which for seven long years he had believed to be hers, than one of those pleasant recollections; he would rather have known her to be the fair, false, frail creature his treacherous cunning had made her appear than the assurance of happy years yet in store

He had stopped short in the road opposite the deserted mansion with these bitter thoughts in his mind. The moon coming suddenly up shed its soft full radiance over the scene, dis closing the wild, neglected aspect which had overtaken the place, straggling trees long un-trimmed, rank weeds grown over the narrow strip of lawn, flowering plots and walks long since crowded out by them, the iron fence rusted and overgrown and broken away in

One of the gates at the front was open, and just within it a slender, tall shape was standing
—a woman dressed in plain, dark garments, the covering fallen back from her head, the dark oval face looking softened and mournful and inexpressibly lovely in the moonlight She turned her head and saw him with a start For a single second they looked into each other's faces, and then a cloud rushing swiftly up crossed the moon, blotting the fair scene into sudden darkness again. And in the brief space of silvery radiance neither had seen that other dark form crouching in the shadow at his back with burning eyes sweeping over all, yet never leaving him to look directly at any other object.

CHAPTER XXII. THE ARCH-SCHEMER'S FATE.

AUDREY, pacing slowly up and down one of those wide paths which bordered the lawn, a light silk scarf drawn loosely about her shoulers over the filmy white dress she wore, her short hair parted in that jaunty boyish fashion she particularly liked, and clinging about the slender throat in loose short curls, had the happiest of fancies to keep her company. "Love's young dream" is always much the same—a vague, sweet, illusive dream, all rose-tints and golden glory, fair mists floating before, the first blissful dream of inexperienced young hearts, none the less sweet because so fleeting. Audrey's rose-tints and golden glory faded before the real pleasure reflected in he

face as a firm, springy step came over the lawn and she was joined by Carroll Dor-He had come out with Grandison. stock-broker, supposed by Darcy Casselworth to be in Pittsburgh during the day, had never left Cassel at all. During the morning he had dropped cautious hints and vague allusions here and there, which formed the foundation of the rumor that had spread all over the town before night. He had remained in Dor-chester's private lodgings during the long afternoon, and the two sat together over an early dinner when the clerk returned, an hour before his usual time, from the office. Afterward the latter had strolled across to the Cassel House, and while there saw Mr. Casselworth come down, pausing in the door of the clerk's

This note. Haines," he said, "I wish you would give to Grandison the moment he arrives. It's rather particular; so be kind enough not to let it slip your memory, and set me down a box of your prime Havanas there. I'll trouble you to open it, and take one for a walking companion; send the rest up to the

rooms when Gilbert comes in.' The clerk complying, took down a box of cigars and glanced over his desk 'I have mislaid my knife, Mr. Casselworth

-have you one ?" 'I must have forgotten it." the gentleman answered, searching his pockets vainly. " Never mind, then; I'm in some haste."

"Take mine, Haines," Dorchester offered, stepping forward, and remained standing until his employer, with another reference to the note, took his departure.

'I'll take the note if it's all the same to rou," Dorchester remarked to the clerk, fami-"I'm sure to meet Grandison on the liarly. way here; I may even save him the entire tance from the station, considerable if he is to follow on to the Homestead, as I infer."

The clerk delivered it willingly enough, and five minutes after Grandison glancing at it confirmed his supposition of the contents. "He is going to play sheep-dog in keeping the rumor from his cousin's ears, but he will find

We will follow close

himself too late, I fancy. We will follo to be at hand for the result, Dorchester.' They went together, taking the byway which led them across Wildbank Commons, having a impse at the carriage as it rolled from the low flats out upon the high-road. Etoile, expecting them, was at the gate, the glow of her late strong excitement upon her still. In a few words she told them of her discovery, her posi tive conviction that the Mrs. Leland of to-day was the false Count Barcelli, who had played a despicable part in forcing the deep dark injus-

"With that missing link discovered at the last moment, Darcy Casselworth dare not refuse to vindicate my memory where he might even deny justice still, did he know me to be I believe his enmity would be far-reaching and reckless of consequences before the smallest part of his hate of me should fail, did be gentle and calm, seeing how terribly

tice which had been done her, eight years be-

he know the truth." A little pang was present with Dorchester as he parted with Grandison at the Homestead gates, and crossed over to join the tall, graceful shape, whose bright, fair face was already the sweetest sight earth held for him.

"She is all I loved to fancy the fair child whose pearl-like face was my inspiration in the dreamy days of my boyhood, whose recollec- with the ship. Shall I go on, papa?" tion has lingered until it shadowed itself into an almost tangible hope. If her lover prove true—how can any man be any other than true would be up presently, the faint light of which to her? He deserves to lose her if a selfish "Yes, yes; go on!" he breathed, in an eager, was reflected in a pale glow against the sky.

terly, of the preference she has given him. Thank Heaven that first loves are seldom more lasting than that! mine is but the broad exception which proves the rule." Audrey seeing him, advanced and offered her

hand, smilingly. "I had not expected this pleasure for the se-cond time to-day," she said. "Who was that came in with you? I only half-recognized him."

"It was Grandison." "Come in my mother's behalf?" she asked, uickly. "My heart has been echoing her quickly. "My heart has been echoing her hope all day that to-morrow may be a happier anniversary than any of these eight years past.

I believe I was half-expecting some miracle to

"Who knows but such a happy miracle may be wrought? Grandison comes in her behalf, as you have guessed; and if our hopes are not all dashed against the fair promise of compelling the truth from her arch-enemy, the husband who did her such deep injustice once shall know her for what she is—the truest, noblest, most wronged of faithful women.

"What a true friend you have been to her," she said, softly, deep, tender thankfulness in her dark eye. "It was noble and brave of you to aid in my mother's cause, traduced as she had been, hopeless of ever proving the de-

ceptions of her enemy as she was at first."

"I was of her blood, and knew her to have been most unjustly judged You can not hope for her vindication as I do, to-night, for the promise of it has not lingered in your thoughts as it has done in mine for years.' "And she knows how near the end is?" she

asked, in suppressed eagerness. 'She knows and is waiting the result. would have remained to help her bear the suspense of this last evening, but for her desire to be left alone. She is hopeful, fearful, prayer-ful—and one can scarcely comprehend what deep emotions must sway her after all her years of waiting and suffering, now that the crisis is at hand. If the truth is told, you are to break to your father the fact that she lives, and prepare him to see her to-morrow; and I am to take the news back to her. The miracle of

happy re-union may be wrought; pray Heaven that it shall be!" They remained out there, talking in suppress ed tones, waiting the result of that scene transpiring within. Drawn together by mutual sympathy as they were, tempering their impatience as they might, the time seemed long to

At last, however, Paul Grandison came forth steeled and masterful as he had been in the late encounter, and, seeing them through the dim dusk, approached. Audrey advanced a step and stopped short, her heart fluttering with the hope and expectancy which, now that the decision was reached, her lips refused to form in to words. Dorchester pressed forward eagerly. "Did he confess?" he asked.

"He confessed. All is known at last. Miss Casselworth, it is left to you to make all ex-planations to your father—that your mother lives, that she is willing to see him, to forgive him even the terrible injustice which was done her, eight years ago. Are you going, Carroll Let us not delay a moment in carrying the news to her, so long suffering, so eagerly ex-

sectant now. Good-evening, Miss Audrey."
She had not spoken a word, but there was an unuttered prayer of thankfulness in her heart. Dorchester put out his hand to take hers in his warm, sympathetic clasp for a second, then the two men walked away through the deep dusk, passing out from the grounds while Darcy Cas-selworth paused to glance back at the building which had stood through three generations of the family whose name he bore.

Lingering only for a moment while with silent thankfulness she realized all that had been accomplished, Audrey turned toward the house. The library door was ajar as it had been left. She pushed it open, a tender, deep pity coming over her at sight of that bowed and stricken figure. She crossed over to him, dropping her hand upon his arm.

"Papa!" He looked up, his face ashen and despairing, stamped with the deep grief of a heart acknowledging its error too late.

"My daughter! My child, whom I wronged in wronging your mother, will you turn against me in this hour ?"

'Papa, dear-" "I did her such terrible injustice, Audre y. believed her to be guilty and shameless through all these years—the truest and noblest of women. I was the weakest of dupes, the most pliable of unmeaning tools in the hands of a scheming villain. Her very blood cries out to me that I was the cause of her death, and of phens following gained the horses' heads.

what anguish, what agony of humiliation to For the first time in eight years Elmer Case her proud spirit, what deep blow to her truest affections, I shudder to surmise."

"Papa, darling! you distress me; you are too harsh in the judgment of yourself. You did what you thought was your duty. If any part of it could be undone, papa, you would not

hesitate in meting true justice now. "That is the hardest, Audrey. To know that she died under the ban of my cruelty. To never hear her say that I am pardoned my mad suspicions, which I thought verified. have nourished the enemy who did it all! More even than that; I would have taken the false woman who lent herself to aid his schemes in that injured angel's place! Life will be one tortured span of remorse from this

time, and I deserve the torture." "It may not be, papa. There may be greater blessing in store for you than you can comprehend now. If it had not been as it is; if my mother were alive to-day, you would not let her suffer under that cruel sentence which ban-

ished her from us-you would not, papa?" "If she were alive, I would go down on my knees in the dust to pray for pardon. Too -too late!"

It was a wail of anguish wrung from his remorse-stricken soul.

"Not too late, thank Heaven! The Vixen was lost with every soul on board, as we knew then, but it did not occur to you—it could not occur to any one, that my mother might not have been of those. Can you bear a great joy-ful surprise, papa, after the shock you have ex-

He failed to grasp the hope which her tremulously eager tones, her almost definite assurance in words held out.

There was not one saved. Child, child! It was a terrible sin committed in which I shall have to answer for my part."

"Listen to me, dear." She governed herself to wrought upon his nerves were, how deep was his hopelessness and despair. "There is hope. Mamma never sailed in the Vixen-I am sure of that. Her passage was taken with that of her old invalid uncle, Victor Dupree: but his illless at the last moment detained them ashore Their names were upon the list, but they were

The ashen, startled face of the father grew in-tense with the sudden hope struggling against incredulity, which her words arou

"She went to Europe afterward with her invalid uncle-months afterward it was. Uncle Darcy's enmity had threatened to follow her into the sorrowful seclusion of her old home, which she had sought again, and for her own safety's sake—more perhaps as well—that report of their loss was not contradicted. Her uncle died abroad at last, and she returned to America. She had one or two good friends working in her cause; at last through them she has won her vindication."

"Audrey!" He started to his feet with a gasping, comprehensive cry at that. "She is here—you have seen her, your mother. Don't deceive me; she is here!"

"She is very near. Papa, you must not excite yourself so. Sit down again until you are calm—do. She is not here, papa, but she will see you soon—to-morrow. She is staying at Wildbank Commons and is known as Mrs. Carroll. You will go to her to-morrow; and oh, papa! think-what a joyful anniversary of a sorrowful date!"

Alive and near him, willing to forgive and be taken back to the heart which had wronged by doubting her! A sense of deeper, more peaceful happiness than any he had thought earth could hold for him was his in that mo-ment. What prayerful thankfulness only the

depths of his own soul knew. "To-morrow, Audrey," he said, after a moment of utter silence. "I never could wait for to-morrow. We will go to her to-night—now. could not rest without her pardon, knowing

her so near me to night."

She offered some protest, but, seeing how determined and eager he was, left him to order the carriage and Stephens' attendance at once, and to that faithful servitor she gave a hurried repetition of that story which her father had just heard. Speeded by his grateful remem-brances, Stephens lost no time. Ten minutes later the carriage was at the door. A few minutes later still it was bowling over the level road at a smooth, swift, and equal rate.

The occupants were silent, their hearts too full to prompt to speech. Elmer Casselworth had much to regret in the long, sorrowful past, but even his regrets were lost in this time of intense, hopeful expectancy. He had been more sinned against than sinning when the worst was taken into consideration, and the young, loving wife had not been without grave faults during the happiest of their married life. The divorced, injured wife had never been un just to him, swayed by a sterner, subtler will than his own, believing only after his eyes had seen what seemed the evidence of her fulsity, sparing her even then beyond the limit her action seemed to deserve. He thought only of seeing her again, the bright, lovely young crea ture whom he had wooed and won in her fair Southern home, the imperious, beautiful mistress of the stately mansion; he put away the remembrance of the dark, troublous after time further than to reflect how he could sufficiently humble himself in pleading forgiveness for all she had been made suffer since.

They were coming close to the once fair modern mansion, deserted and overtaken by the ruin of neglect now, and he turned his face that way, dimly descrying it through the gloom. There was a mass of cloud obscuring the moon which was slowly passing over. There was a silver edge breaking even then, and suddenly as the dark cloud had arisen it passed away.

Breaking away to disclose a scene which sent the blood curdling to the hearts of those beholding it.

A man's form stretched in the middle of the roadway, his face locked in the horror of the death-agony, a dark stain in the white sand, a blade half buried in it glittering in the moon

Stephens drew his horses up with a quick erk, then wheeled them about and brought his whip-lash down upon their flanks with a merciless severity of rapid blows which the animals had never before experienced from his indulgent hands. Too late! Others than himself had caught the sight—the motionless, prostrate form, and a woman's figure standing by the roadside, her hands wrung in a close clasp, her face stamped with a horror only less than the fallen, death-stricken one. The faithful servant recognized his kind mistress of old, the horrible suspicion if no worse which must attach to finding her there, and took the course his caution pointed at all in the same instant.

But the animals, never disobedient to his word before, balked under that tight curb and the sharp blows he rained upon them, balked and refused to head as he wished. Before he could regain his control over them his master's hand grasped the reins, dragging them away from him; the plunging, startled beasts fell back on their haunches; then, in a second, he had made a flying leap to the ground, and Ste-

selworth faced the wife he had cast off then. whom he had started to seek such a little time before, urged by an agony of remorseful contrition, ready to bow down in the abasement of self-accusation justly his due. But now that he was face to face with her he stood erect and rigid as though the iron will of the fallen man might have passed to him. His lips turned gray, closed in a hard and painful line. horror in his dilated eves met an answering horror in hers over the form, dead or dying, which lay between.

Thus for an instant, then she put out her hands with the faint, choked cry: "Elmer! and advanced a step.

He threw his hands up warningly, waving her away. "Stand back! Oh, my God! why should

this curse of crime have come upon us? Keep back, I say! his blood must be between us nov to the very last. She recoiled before his hollow-voiced words, his abhorrent gesture, turning a mutely reproach-

ful, amazed and sorrowful glance upon him. Audrey, clinging with both hands as she forward in the carriage, still swaying under the restive movements of the scarcely conquered animals, forgot her first terror to ut

ter an indignant cry of protest. "Papa, oh, papa!"
A cry which was followed by other exclama tions as two more came upon the scene. The two were Grandison and Dorchester. At no great distance further on they had met the el-

lerly woman-servant from Wildbank Com-Mrs. Carroll, seeming excessively restmons. less, had wandered out in this direction. own anxiety had prompted her to follow after a time, lest some fright rather than harm should come to her mistress; certainly they must have passed her on the way. A thought of the mansion came to Grandison to pierce the mystification which her positive assertion first called up. Etoile had most probably gone into the tangled grounds, and they had passed silently and unsuspected in the obscurity. That had been the case indeed, and she had retraced her steps to the open gateway as her enemy, now her fallen foe in more senses than consciousness. A second peculiarity of morbid

ribly suggestive of what manuer of meeting might have led to this result.

dying. The breath of life had been just flickering over his lips as they lifted him up and conveyed him back there in the stern silence, which was awe rather than pity or grief at this untimely fate which had overtaken him.

It was some two hours later now. The phy sician from the village had but just arrived, and with him Gilbert. The briefest examination on the part of the former disclosed the fact that mortal aid was past for the wounded man. He had been stabbed repeatedly in the back with that sharp, glittering blade some one of them had taken up from where it was imbedded in the sand—his own knife it was recognized to be.

Dorchester had gone before to prepare the household for the coming shock. There had been a little stir, quickly repressed; then Miss Mallory and the housekeeper had busied themselves with the preparations the occasion required. The wounded man had been lifted from the carriage, driven at the slowest, easiest pace, and carried in, to be placed on the last couch his living form should press.

All had been done with such silent dispatch

it was not remarkable that Mrs. Leland should not be apprised of the calamity until the maid, Celine, answering her bell, poured out the drift of all the servants had been discussing in suppressed tones where they had gathered in little knots in halls and stairways. The lady was shocked into such a turn as Celine, a tolerable The lady was reader of human nature in her own way, had by no means expected. Recovering from the fainting-fit which had overtaken her, Mrs. Leland made her way to that shadowed room, her face scarcely less white than the snowy wrap-

per she wore.

"Let me pass. I have the right to be with him," she said, in the level, quiet tone of intensest agitation strongly repressed, when some question was raised as to the propriety of ad-

She had kept her place at the bedside, unmoving, ever since, her eyes never stirring from the deathlike face upon the pillows, her own breath scarcely more apparent than that fluttering over the colorless lips of the dying

Audrey was with her mother in her own oom, waiting the certain result of the tragedy, While they waited, Etoile explained her presence on the spot at that fatal moment well as she might for the agitation of that sudden transition from the brightness of her hope to blank

despair. Looking up from her position by the gateway to see her enemy not a dozen paces away, a sudden panic had overtaken her. Under cover of the swift darkness which succeeded she had turned to fly through the grounds toward the mansion, with the vague impulse of hiding herself there, somewhere, away from the man who had proved himself such a bitter and unscrupulous foe. She fancied a sharp cry had pursued her, but it might have been her own labored, gasping breath. She had crouched down in the midst of the thickest shrubbery, close to the walls of the mansion, hoping to elude his search, but moments passed and no sound warned her of any approach. After a time she had reasoned herself into the belief that she had been the victim of an optical delusion—the result of the strong emotions and excitement bearing upon her these last few days. The belief grew as she left her cover to carefully reconnoiter before venturing forth. No human being seemed in sight, and it was not until she stepped out from the gateway that the prostrate, death-stricken form caught her eye and held her there, fascinated as it were with intense horror.

Neither of them breathed the other nameless norror weighing upon the hearts of both, but the single prayer which surged continuously through Audrey's mind in that hour was that a moment of consciousness might come before the inevitably impending death, during which

Darcy Casselworth might accuse his murderer. The prayer was a vain one. In the shadowed, silent chamber the watchers about the bed could not tell when the ghost of breath left the leath-like lips. The physician with his touch where the faint pulse had been drew his hand away, with a glance at the grave, waiting faces about him. The plotter, who had worked so much sorrow beneath that sheltering roof would weave no further trouble with the brain which had been so active, so unscrupulous, but the very retribution which had overtaken him was threatening a danger deeper than any his treachery had wrought.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 178.)

Somnambulism .- A certain number of people (a small percentage, it is true, compared to the total, and vet a considerable number in themselves considered) are as restless, as active, physically or mentally, or both, when asleep as when awake, although unconscious of this fact themselves. In other phrase, they are somnambulists. Now, the term somnambulism, although it literally means walking in sleep, has, in common parlance, been accepted as signify ing a state of either physical or mental activity during sleep, whether manifested by active exercise of the body or of the mind. And as a general rule it may be stated that somnambulism s much more frequently talked about than understood. The peculiar nature of this state, or complaint, affliction, or affection, has always rendered it a subject of considerable mystery, and therefore of considerable interest.

There are three varieties of somnambulism, known to the initiated as the simple, the morbid, and the artificial or magnetic. people are especially prone to somnambulism. bilious and the lymphatic escape with comparative immunity. Out of eighteen cases of somnambulism examined in regard to temperament, seventeen were found to be of the oure nervous, while one-eighteenth was of the mixed or nervous bilious temperament. these nervous cases somnambulism generally takes place during or after some period of more than usual excitement, or when a course of dis sipation and late hours has been adhered to for some time; or-and this is the most common cause-when the stomach or the digestive sys tem is in an unhealthy condition. Occasionally, however, somnambulism will occur where the party is in the possession of the utmost health, and has been leading the most regular and quiet life.

Morbid somnambulism is a more decided state of the disorder, and is preceded by pe-culiar symptoms, such as lassitude, headache, paleness, loss of appetite, etc. A tendency to sleep during the daytime is also a characteristic premonitory symptom of this disorder. Then suddenly the patient falls into a trance, and in this trance the most singular phenomena will occur, of which the patient will be unconscious. A tendency to incessant talk is one of the most striking signs of this trance or fit, and the language employed is often of a higher order than that used by the speaker during waking and in her cause retraced their steps to come upon that scene, so unexpected, so horrifying, so terribly suggestive of what manual that the language or ideas employed during one trance-fit are seldom or never used during another. The individual who labors under a paucity of averaged their steps to come upon that scene, so unexpected, so horrifying, so terribly suggestive of what manual transfer and tireless workers in her cause retraced their steps to come upon that scene, so unexpected, so horrifying, so terribly suggestive of what manual transfer are soldon or never used during another. somnambulic, as full of variety of thought Darcy Casselworth lay upon a bed in a shadowed room of the Homestead, unmistakably or a Madame de Stael.





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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 18, 1873. The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United State d in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a new aler, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the

all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, by and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration becerption. Subscriptions can start with any late number. Indian subscribers will have to pay 20 cents extra, to prepay American

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

The active characters in the WOLF DEMON are the great forest-brothers in border craft, Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton, when they first entered upon the career in which they became so celebrated. These Great Hearts and strong arms were. however, mastered by the strange unknown, whose signet-mark of an arrow cut on the breast whose signet-mark of an arrow cut on the breast Maybe you'll come across editors' letters, of each red victim baffled even their sagacity to some of which you remember sent you into the understand. The hunter, Abe Lark, is, in many respects, a most wonderful man, skilled in the craft and cunning of the savage, yet, withal, a very admirable fellow. Then the introduction of the two young women-one the petted daughter of the Forest Garrison, and the other the shunned child of the renegade-and the complications springing out of their relations and dangers, add to the story an interest that becomes, as the narrative progresses, absorbing and sustaining. The WOLF DEMON is, in fact, two stories woven into one-each having elements of rare originality and

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.-In our "Answers" we have to say to a correspondent that no extraneous influences can induce an acceptance of matter for our columns. This ought to be understood; but it seemingly is not, for a large number of persons tell us of their needs-of their efforts to obtain a living-of a desire to earn money for some specific object, etc. in order to constrain our judgment. An editor who could be influenced by other than purely literary considerations would make up a queer paper. or, what is worse, would ruin his publisher While all possible sympathy might be entertained for an author's distress, sympathy is not what the situation demands: stern, unbiased, correct judgment is the editor's watchword.

-Some of our poets, it pleases us to state, are growing greatly in public favor. We certainly publish some very good things; and, discriminating closely, as we usually do, in regard to accept ed poetic contributions, authors are learning to understand that an acceptance is no small honor What is peculiar is that, almost without excep tion, the best poems are free offerings-are written not for pay but because they want utterance. Where the author speaks of pay, or demands his price, we are almost certain, before reading a line. that the work is inferior, and in nine cases out of ten the inference is correct. Not that poets ought not to write for pay; by all means let them obtain pay where that is possible; but he or she who writes poetry for the love of it, or because it writes itself, are pretty sure to do a good thing, and that

-Our popular author, Oll Coomes, has "come at us" with another great romance of the woods. He writes of it: "I send by express, to-day, ONE-ARMED ALF; or, THE GIANT SCOUT OF THE my happiest effort." It must, then, be a splendid work, for Oll Coomes has written for our columns some romances that do credit to American litera ture and authorship. The readers of the SATUR-DAY JOURNAL regard him with a real affectionwhich is a delightful relation for author, publisher and public. The new story will be eagerly wel-

-If our authors will grow enthusiastic over the SATURDAY JOURNAL we don't see how we can help it. One writes: It is the Best Literary Paper on Earth," which is saying something. The writer is a capital authority in literary matters-that we know; so we suppose we must "confess judgment." One writing from Hanover, Pa., gives this interesting item: "The general cry is that the --- is retrogading; the SATURDAY JOURNAL is rapidly advancing; per consequence you are swallowing up the -- 's circulation." Bad for the under dog, certainly. We don't wish to enjoy prosperity at the expense of loss to our cotemporaries, but, if readers will leave other papers to read ours, we certainly shall not deny them that

-One of the large family of Old Time is in dignant at his omission from the genealogical catalogue recently published by the veracious BEAT TIME, and thus publicly expresses himself in a private letter to the offending party: " MR. BEAT TIME :-

DEAR SIR: - In giving the names and noting the many illustrious personages of the Time family, I find that you have totally ignored myself-Behind Time. Whether this is a mistake done on purpose, or that you have entirely forgotten your old relative, is more than I know. But no mention is made of my name, although my brother, On Time, is spoken of in high terms.

'Have I been banished from the old family record, without knowing it? or, is it because the rest of you have got so 'stuck up,' that you are ashamed to own any The weak creature, who is not a man, has his relationship to one who is perhaps a little behind, when he has his work to do?

"Now, I go in for equal rights, and if you don't give me mine, there will be a family feud immediately. I'll tell of every mean thing I know of against you! I'llif you have any of the old Time principle, you will rise BEHIND TIME." "Timeville, 7, 30, '73."

LETTERS.

DID you ever get snowed up? I don't mean in a great poky railway car, where everybody is just as fretful and hateful as they can be, and you hate to ask a civil question for fear of being growled at and swallowed alive, and each one looks as though he lives, and they hadn't agreed with them.

I don't refer to that untold misery, but really in your own dear homestead in the country—away back among the icy mountains—and trials forever. three good miles from the post-office, and no sign of the mail (if you spell that last word male, Mr. Printer, I'll get my brother Tom to have a talk with you) for a week. I wouldn't count, or the account of dear, dependent ones, been in that predicament.

such a time, because assuredly he is not; such a person has more cause to be envied, for, great expectancy, which mark the class. aking our own case as an example, we just go to

them, and isn't it indeed a treat?

Some of them brim over with life and vivacity, merriment peeping out in every line, and with such a lot to write that the one who sent it hadn't time to stop to dot her "i's" or cross her "t's," and, as for punctuation, there isn't enough to fill the eye of a needle—just as though life was some large playground and we'd nothing to do but just play "lag" all the time.

Then come school-girl notes, with protestations

of never-dying friendship and eternal love and affection, followed by another missive from the same correspondent, in which she accuses us of treachery and partiality, because we prompted Sarah Niles in the grammar lesson and did not prompt her. We felt bad at the time, but a few bonbons settled all that, and we were good

Kindest of all are those motherly letters, when we were away from home—epistles filled with such good and pure advice, that only a fond and true mother can write—emanating from a heart that still beat for us, though we were many, many miles away from her dear self. Did we not treasure those letters? Shall we ever part with them this side the grave?

And then those postscripts printed by the hand of some little brother and sister that had "so much to say," and yet compressed it all into these words, "Do come home."

seventh heaven of happiness, because they contained the announcement of your story's acceptance; perhaps, also, a greenback. Others plunged you into the lowest depths of despair as they brought the heart-rending news that your articles were declined, which even the added "with thanks" did not solace your griefs

Sorrowful notes come in order, and our hearts ache at the sufferings of those around us, sufferings caused by the deaths of loved and endeared ones, and we pause in our reading to cast a look at the graveyard away in the distance, that seems so cold, and then to glance at a picture of Pilgrim at the Heavenly gates, where every thing betokens eternal joy. It does us good to read these letters—it shows us that we, too, must soon follow the dear ones

Letters, brotherly and sisterly, some from those whom we may never have seen, but whom we have learned to love through a cor-

What should we do were it not for this interchange of thoughts through the medium of letters?

If I couldn't get a letter, or write one, I would just esteem it a great favor if some one would kindly put me in the cavity of a rock and hermetically seal the entrance, for I'd as soon be buried alive as to live without letters.

I haven't said any thing about love letters, What's the use? Were there ever two alike, or were there ever two dissimilar? You know they're something like, "two's company three's none." You can keep your love missives to yourself, and I will do the same with mine—that is, if I get any. Any more than I have, I mean.

CIRLS!

A WOMAN'S VIEW OF THEM. Sweet, fluttering, giddy, foolish creatures—girls! The butterflies of our human garden, as thoughtless, as brilliant, and alas! with wings as readily bruised. How the young matrons who were girls themselves not very long since and "have seen the folly of it," long to remodel the class, to shake down some of that feathery lightness, which has never had a care to ballast it, to instill some of their own newly found wisdom into those pretty heads. Perfection is never perfect on earth, and girls will be girls to the end of the chapter no doubt, and, though we may sigh for more stability and more consideration, we would not have them any thing else, remembering that the price of wisdom is experience—hard, wearing experience—which vill come soon en

Each pretty, willful creature is apt to find a master by and by, not necessarily a hard master, but one who will not always interpret aright the vagaries which are inseparable from the girl-nature, who will sometimes laugh or be vexed at those tender, gushing inspirations, who can not understand why the girl-wife should fidget if he is five minutes late to tea, or suffer agonies when he goes off for a day's jaunt with a friend and leaves only a dash at a line to inform her of the fact, while she is in doubt whether he is risking the dangers of locomotive power or the chance of a steamboat explosion on his way. These are the begin nings of the cares which transform her from the girl, for some clever writer has hit the truth in saying: "Men were made to be worried about." As a consequence, women were made

to worry about them.

Much as is said in this day about woman's sphere, her lack of proper discipline and practical educational advantages, all of these would not suffice to put an old head on a girl's shoulders. Of a dozen girls educated to take care of themselves compared with as many who have danced through life, it is probable that eleven of the first will take lifelong burdens upon themselves to every one of the latter. They fall in love with a necktie, a mustache, a profile, and they marry the creature representing these, whose only germ of common sense has been displayed in choosing a clever girl, with a full knowledge of his present unfavorable pects, and every faith in his grand talents and abilities to execute. They cling to the delusion fondly, they put their own willing, able shoulders to the wheel, and discover at last that, instead of their burdens being lightened, they are clogged with a weight that shall drag like a nillstone about their necks all their lives long. pampered tastes, which must be gratified. Whether the world revolves or not he must have his wines and cigars, his neckties, his spotless suits, his immaculate linen, and the ching head and toiling fingers which supply but there; I will say nothing desperate, for I know that all these are the least consideration his complacent mind dwells upon. If he is not a vicious creature, he may speak often of the time which shall come when an opening that will neither compromise his dignity nor degrade his talent shall occur, when the toiling wife shall rest and he will operate the machinery of labor, which shall be all cogs and wheels, and pulleys to turn at a touch with never one of the rough jars, or straining to make two ends meet, which so wear upon her now. Such hopeful words bring cheer at first, but, when their emptiness lowed alive, and each one looks as though he has been thoroughly sounded, they only suffice or she had been feeding on pickles all their to stir the dregs of bitterness and add to the

It is not that I would say one word against wonder a bit but some of you readers have but how much more efficient would the work be could it teach those hopeful girls to distin-Oh, you needn't think one is to be pitied at guish between gold and glitter, if it would

J. D. B.

Whitehorn's Street Railroad.

My new street railroad is now ready for the ccommodation of the traveling public.
This track, like all other tracks of the prorietor, is straight, and reaches from Alpha to Omega streets

The cars on this line, for beauty and speed, have never been surpassed; at least, you will say they are very fast when you are running to

atch up with one of them. These cars will not be allowed to contain any more passengers than they will hold. This rule is for the convenience of the public, who

will please return thanks. When no more can get aboard, there will be blenty of room for the balance to walk behind, at half fare. Unprotected gentlemen who are obliged to sit

down while ladies are enjoying themselves by standing up in these cars, will receive the commiseration of the proprietor upon complaint at

The ladies will not be expected, on this line, o give up seats for a gentleman.

Parties who are crowded out can ride on deck of the mules on paying double fare.

Pickpockets will not be allowed to ride in these cars, unless they can show a regular li-cense and a good moral character.

If the conductor fails to let you out at the right place, you will have the privilege of riding to the next street free.

If any gentleman has the faintest kind of an idea that some burly fellow has come down with his whole weight on his most delightful corn, he will have the inalienable right of all free born American citizens to kick the offender—if he thinks it would be wholesome. N. B.—this road will not be responsible for damage.

These cars will not be expected to go off the

track and turn up a cross-street just for the accommodation of one or two passengers. We won't do it, and you needn't think it.

People getting run over must do so at their own risk, as this kind of work is getting too common entirely, and the conductor will not allow anybody to run over him.

No stop-over checks will be given on this

oute; and I wish it distinctly understood that no man will be permitted to ride on two cars at once, when going different directions. At no time shall these cars go faster than a

one-legged horse can trot.

The conductors in making their cash-returns

o head-quarters are earnestly requested to try and divide equally. As no car-hooks will be allowed on these

ears, passengers are requested to furnish their

Ladies are respectfully requested not to smoke in the gentlemen's faces.

Each passenger's baggage will be limited to three valises, two bandboxes, one market-bas-

ket, a step-ladder and a clothes-horse. If you wish to go in one direction and all the cars are going another way, it would be a good idea for you to wait, as in making up the time-table I have provided plenty of time for wait-

To persons who prefer to ride, these cars will be far better than walking.

In crowded cars, persons coming from market with two or three dozen eggs tied up in a handkerchief, half of them too ripe, may make a little more by walking, unless they think they can do better by riding.

For the benefit of the universal traveling pub., and to prevent everybody from missing a car, every car will stop just one hour at every cross-street on the route; this will give each one ample opportunity to get aboard without any hurrying; and it is better always to be an nour too soon than an hour too late, unless it is at your own hanging. I hope everybody will severely thank me for this. I only live, move and eat a good deal for the benefit of mankind, who are my brothers and-and sisters.

When the driver doesn't stop for you, don't niss him when you urge a re

tion and make it go through a window. We employ no three-legged horses on this route, but all were selected at great expense; and, as young horses are apt to get vicious, I was careful to get none but old and experienced ones, blind ones having been preferred because they are less likely to get scared at every thing they might see, and they go along almost with-out—well, almost without beating. They all have false teeth.

The fare will be five cents each way; but if you haven't any money, we won't charge you any thing. This is fair enough. I don't intend to try to make money out of this. My credit is good—at some new stores just started; but if any one desires to pay the fare over two or three mes, we will endeavor to accommodate.

There will be no sleeping-cars on this line, at present, but we will soon have them. All aboard. It is a good deal nicer to ride with us than to be kicked down street; far WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's World.

The Growing Vice.—Hotel Life the Social Upas. THAT the proclivity to scandal and gossip is on the increase in Woman's World is conceded by the observant of "the sex." increasing numbers of those who seek boardng-houses and hotels, in order to be rid of the troubles of housekeeping, materially recruit the great army of gossips, for boarding-houses are simply nurseries of scandal. Then the increas ing numbers of those who, for two months of each year, go to some fashionable summer resort, add another installment to the "serial of scandal; and thus, from a mere multiplication of the conveniences for gossip and envious remark, we have a sudden growth of the wretched habit of talking of our neighbors which is both alarming and disgusting.

Home life is not propitious to scandal. The wife and mother has, there, something else to think of than the faults of her foes and the foi bles of her friends, and her visitors and visita tions are not either so numerous or so prolong ed as to make an inquest over another lady character thorough and satisfying. It is the gregarious hotel or boarding-house life that rives the time, occasion and material so neces sary to a thorough overhauling of the affairs of other people; and a shrewd writer and observed of society at home and abroad gives it as a pretty well-established fact that, in any community, there is very little injurious gossip and "they say" tittle-tattle that has not its origin in the hotel or boarding-house.

The women of these living places, relieved of all household cares, find time hanging heavily on them. They have, literally, nothing to ly on them. They have, literally, nothing to do but eat, dress and shop, by day; to dance, gossip and kill time, by night. They are all acquainted with one another, for they meet daily, week after week, and if they are not on terms of intimacy, or if they do not address each other, you may be sure they know all about one another. It does not take a smart woman three days to find out every thing she voman three days to find out every thing she deems necessary about her neighbor, the lady across the hall. She knows what her name is they own, whether the lady keeps a maid or it will be received with immense enthusiasm now.

the lady has, whether they are fashionably made and fit her nicely, how many diamonds she has, and whether her husband goes to bed drunk. All these facts being obtained, gossip is set at work to find out what there may be in he past life of the lady under surveillance and her family, whether there is any thing piquant that may be discovered. In due time it is known whether the lady has been married nore than once, whether her first husband lied and left any property, whether it was a ove match, whether there was any previous ealousy, how long her widowhood lasted whether she was married twenty-four hours after meeting her present husband, whether there is now a perfect understanding between them, whether they quarrel, whether she faints, whether her hair has been bleached, whether she pencils her eyes and darkens the ashes, and a hundred other things which contribute to the interest and piquancy of the investigation and exposition. When a new poarder arrives, or a stranger comes into that select hotel circle, and passes from her room to the parlor, from the parlor to the wide corri-dor, and thence to the dining-room, her rai-ment is subjected to a closer inspection than is bestowed upon a suspicious-looking character arriving at a custom-house; but this is nothing

she presents herself anywhere in public. This is just the daily life-record of women in almost every great hotel in the land; and, in a modified degree, in every boarding-house, an amusing repetition of which fact comes to us in the letter of a visitor at a noted summer hotel, during the stormy days of August, when the guests of the great human caravansera were house-bound. The writer says:

to complain of, for every lady passes through

this ordeal when she goes to church, or when

"I have heard enough during the three days of the storm to fill a volume as large as a dictionary, and if I believed it all, I should not dare to be seen and if I believed it all, I should not dare to be seen with any lady of the house except my grandmother. I have heard that such a lady in her younger days was a circus rider. I have heard that another was a chambermaid. I have heard that another was divorced from two husbands. I have heard that another hat another deals in stocks, bets on horses, and consorts with jockeys in order to get an idea of the winning horse; that another, celebrated for her diamonds and fine clothes, was formerly a clerk in a dollar store in New York; that another kicks her children and larrups her maid; that another gets intoxicated every night; that half a dozen ladies, names mentioned, dare not go into the surf because they are afraid of losing their complexions; that one lady, whose daily treatment of servants that one lady, whose daily treatment of servants and guests of the hotel is not of the most refined character, refused to sit at table beside some of the most distinguished of the hotel guests on the ground that they were parvenues; and I have heard enough else to drive the quiet wife who stays at home and takes care of the babies crazy. But it is all gossip; there's not a word of truth in any of it."

Not only no truth in it, but such a deal of vickedness and demoralization that the very atmosphere of a hotel becomes contagious with the elements of this social poison; and the wife who courts the ease and idleness of boardinglife will as surely become a scandal-monger and a common nuisance as the man who frequents the race-course and the bar-room will become a

Moral: Live in two rooms of your ownkeep house under every disadvantage-rather than recruit the army of women whose un-wearied hands and untasked brains fashion patterns for the devil's workshop.

WHERE THE PRECIOUS METALS COME FROM.

THE idea generally prevails that all our gold nd silver come from the Far West, but such is not the case. The precious metals are known to exist in "paying" deposits in many locali es of the Union.

Gold is now found and mines worked in Vermont, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessce, Kansas, Nebraska, Nevada, Oregon, and Cali Maryland shows but \$108 for her to tal, Vermont \$5,615, and Kansas \$1,009. Cali fornia has contributed in twenty-four \$643,121,499; North Carolina's total is \$9,865, 253, and Georgia \$7,250,000. Virginia and South Carolina have each over a million. In addition to the thirteen gold-bearing States ar the ten Territories, from Arizona to far-off Sitka, and from Dakota, on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, to Washington Terri tory on the Pacific. The smallest quantity is from Sitka, \$397, the largest from Montana, Sitka, \$397, And Montana is one of the new-Territories. Colorado shows \$20, \$30,648,265. st of the Territories. 338,421, and Idaho \$17,141,523. With tw perhaps three exceptions, all of these Territories bear silver also.

The largest product of silver is from Nevada, which, since its first settlement—say twenty years ago—has furnished the mint and branches with \$8,539,868 in silver. The next largest production is \$1,114,543, from Colorado, and he next from the copper and lead mining region of Lake Superior, \$1,062,541. Utah, although the mines are only just opened, prior to June 30 had sent to the mint \$261,103 in silver,

and \$164,147 in gold. The aggregate value of the gold and silver bullion deposited in the mint and its branches since the date of their establishment is \$836,-205,463, and of this enormous amount more than \$730,000,000 have been the domestic product of our own gold and silver-bearing States and Territories within the last twenty-four Whatever other commodity we may need from other countries, we certainly stand in but little want of their bullion, and yet, such s our fearful national extravagance, that stead ly the current of coin sets toward Europe, and our debt abroad, to-day, would more than consume four times more gold than is now existing here as coin! This indebtedness abroad will have a fearful day of reckoning for us.

The WOLF DEMON, as a story of astonish ing interest, has for some of its chief incidents the following:

Daniel Boone on his first great trail— A strange Apparition of the Woods-Demon or man, or both combined ?-The Red Arrow on every breast-

A Forest Beauty with the Grace of Rippling Waters and Dancing Leaves— Another Beauty with the Grace of the Swaying Ash and the Crimson Maple-

A Dastard: Traitor to his race and kind-The grand Forest Prince, Simon Kenton-Men of the Border-true lion hearts-

Savages as sleepless as hungry tigers-The pilgrimage in the pathless woods-A forest fort and the lone cabin. Each of which, in the author's cunning hand,

are as new creations, true to history as history itself, yet having nothing whatever in common with the ten thousand and one Tales of the Wilthe occupation of her husband, an approximation of his income, the number of horses created a profound impression when first printed; derness that traverse the literary field. The story

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors .- No MSS received that are no fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavail-able MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosura-for such return.—No correspondence of my nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equations of the second ways prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheat Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compe sitor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and pope far writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early atter Correspondents must look to this column for all information in re-contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

The following we reserve for further consideration: "A Beile's Heart;" "Mated but not Matched;" "A Will after Death." The essays by H. N. B. we can not find room for at present. If not ordered back, will preserve for future consideration.

The following we will try and find place for, viz... "Shit the Door Softly;" "Only;" "Stick to the Farm;" "Recapturing a Prize;" "The Human Heart;" "A Good-natured Man;" "Will o' the Wisp;" "A Comic Tragedy;" "The Mill of the Rocks;" "Speaking by the Card."

H. L. Serials to be of avail must be particularly good. We never have room for commonplace matter. Your needs excite our sympathies, but were they ten times as great they could not induce an acceptance of contributions not up to our wants.

BERRY. There are a great number of pure Anglo-Saxon words in our language. Indeed, it is said, we could speak with great fluency and force and use only such words. They are, almost without exception, very beautiful and significant.

ELSIB B. Send to Vick, of Rochester, for his Catalogue of Fall Plants. These Seedsmen's Catalogues are admiable as garden instructors, giving, as they do, explicit lirections regarding cultivation, etc.

directions regarding cultivation, etc.

Hobartrown. The public debt of France is now equal to five billion and five hundred million dollars—more than twice the national debt of this country. With less than one-fourth of our resources for meeting these enormous debts, France yet talks as freely of a future war with Germany, to "punish" the Germans for the overthrow of Napoleon's armies and the humiliation of the French nation, as if she had no load to carry. Another war with Germany would be the end of France. PADDY O'WHACK. Potatoes were first introduced to Ireland from America, in the year 1586. Prior to that time the chief food of the Irish common people was oatmeal, fish and game. Indian corn, potatoes and tobacco all were unknown in the Old World until their discovery in America.

in America.

A. G. H. Cold cream is a term applied to a mild and cooling substance used for dressing the skin. It may be prepared by heating gently four parts of olive oil and one part of white wax, until a uniform liquid mass is obtained, when a little color and scent may be added. The mixture is then allowed to cool, but must be stirred the whole time of its cooling so as to prevent the concretion and consequent separation of the wax.

tion and consequent separation of the wax.

Salior. The first steamship that crossed the Atlantic was the Savannah, which sailed from New York to Savannah, Ga., making the trip in six days, and from thence to Liverpool, England, making the run across in eighteen days. She sailed from Savannah March 28th, 1819, and when she was descried coming into the harbor at Quarantine, the commander of the English fleet believed her to be on fire, when he observed the smoke issuing from her smoke-stack, and immediately got his vessel under way to run to her assistance. Since 1819 the run across has been made in nine instead of eighteen days, and doubtless in another half-century the trip will be made in half that time.

Soldier. The word lievetenant is now not generally

Solder. The word lievetenant is now not generally n use, though in the English army it is often heard. Lieutenant is considered correct, for the former word was written lievetenant—(pronounced leftenant)—on account of the letter v being then used instead of u, as is now the case.

INQUIRER. Yes, there are eases known of persons having completely lost the senses of smell and taste. A case is in our memory where a man could not discriminate by the taste, whether he was eating jelly or molasses, and bitters and sweets were all alike to him. Some people have no eye for colors, and can not distinguish black from blue.

MAUD M. C. Amethyst is a sub-species of quartz, of a bluish violet color. It is not very valuable, and is wrought into various articles of jewelry. It was generally thought, in olden times, to be a remedy for drunkenness, so that any person wearing this stone, was not liable to intoxication.

SEAMAN. There is a fresh-water spring in the ocean, off the coast of Florida, and there vessels take in water when needed; but we know of no such spring in mid-Atlantic. They of course exist, but are not of sufficient volume to reach the ocean surface.

BRIDE. Orange blossoms are considered most apprriate for a bride merely on account of their fragram and beauty. The tuberose blossom is equally fragram. and proper, where orange blossoms are not attainable LESTER. A large and fine oriental ruby is of great value. The ordinary ruby is inferior in value and beauty to the sapphire. Only the pure "spinelle" or scarlet ruby, if perfect luster, is equal in value to a diamond, weight for weight. The purest rubies come from the island of Ceylon, being found there in the sands of the rivers Pegu and Mysore only.

NATHAN, Mr. Jack Robinson was a volatile gentle-man, who, when calling upon his neighbore, was off again "before you could say Jack Robinson;" hence, the origin of the expression now so well known. NORTON. It is said to be engraven on the tomb of Salvinus Amatus, the credit for the invention of spectacles, but really who invented them is not known; the first use of them we believe was in the 18th century. A hint of their value is given in the writings of Alazzen, who lived in the 12th century, and in the works of Roger Bacon, who died A. D. 1292.

Bacon, who died A. D. 1292.

ARTIST. Photography is not entirely a new art, as the effect of light on chloride of silver was known as far back as the 16th century, and was studied successfully by Schule, Ritter and Wollaston up to the beginning of the present century. In 1839 plates by Daguerre's process were produced, since which time the art has rapidly developed into a practical method of taking sun pictures on a "sensitized" surface. It will undoubtedly be so simplified that every family can take its own portraits without the aid of a camera. The celebrated "spirit pictures" discovered occasionally on window panes, are impressions by some natural process which involves the whole mystery of fixing shadows.

MERGHANT It is estimated that there are 100,000,000

whole mystery of fixing stations. Merchant. It is estimated that there are 100,000,000 rallons of wine made yearly in France, the value of which is \$200,000.000. Hence, if the world should stop trinking wine France would become bankrupt. To seep France "on her legs," it is necessary to drink her

Wine.

INVESTIGATOR. Your surmise is correct, for a whale does not lie for hours beneath the water. The longest time that he can live, without coming to the surface for air, is four minutes. The whale is a warm-blooded animal, and this being the case that blood must be oxygenized by free contact with the air.

ized by free contact with the air.

Lighthouse. We believe there are 573 lighthouses and 22 lightships along the shores and coasts of the United States, including those of the great inland lakes.

J. J. Manton. The following statistics are what you doubtless were thinking of when you wrote us. In a life of 50 years a man sleeps away 5,500 days, works away 5,500 days, eats away 2,000 days, walks 800 days, is si II 500 days, and amuses himself for 4,000 days. During his half-century of life he eats 77,000 pounds of bread, 22,000 pounds of meat, 5,000 pounds of vegetables, and washes all down with 6,800 gallons of liquids. This is the "average." As applied to individuals, however, such statistics are not particularly pertinent. Like a great many census facts they are valuable as illustrating a principle or line of results.

It is the Khedive of Egypt who has an income yearly of \$50,000,000. Besides being a prince he is a merchant, capitalist, statesman and cultivator, and has centering at his desk railroads, steamship lines, telegraphs, postal service, private estates, sugar mills, cotton culture, the army, navy and civil service. Quite enough for one man, seeing that he is only an Egyptian. Translator. Yes, the Missionaries have had the Bible translated into the Esquimaux tongue. If they had waited a few years more there would have been no Esquimaux to talk to. The race is fast disappearing, apparently by a great law of elimination.

Modoc. In 1860 there were 44,020 Indians in the United States, and in 1870, only ten years' time, their number had decreased to 25,751. OFFICIAL. We should judge that the Empire of China is the most substantial of governments, since for centuries and centuries 370,000,000 people have been held together as a nation, with very little change,

Mrs. H. E. LAMB. Tight lacing, as well as strong drink, is often the cause of a red nose. Keep the liver healthy and the nose will lose its flush. Those who let strong drink alone are surest of a fair skin. Frequent bathing is a most valuable "skin regenerator"—better far than all the nostrums of Paris or Egypt.

UNFORTUNATE. To cure yourself from stammering, pause after each word and take a long breath. Another plan is to sing what you have to say.

PRESENTER. Andrew Melville introduced Presbyterianism into Scotland, in the year 1592, and the Presbyterian Church of America is a branch of the Church of Scotland.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

THE SONG WE SING.

BY JOSEPH PLACKETT.

When winter holds the earth in chains, Despite its blasts, its frosts, its pains, With all our woes there still remains To cheer our hearts, some happy grains.

The opening spring has beauties rare In sweet perfumes and blossoms fair-In wild birds' songs that fill the air-With joyful music everywhere.

The summer's growing fullness, too, Brings gladness to our hearts anew; We feel its passing days too few, As hurriedly time bears them through.

But autumn, golden autumn, she It is, with lavishments most free, Hangs luscious fruits on vine and tree, And tunes our hearts in highest glee.

It is no empty song she sings; Not she the empty hamper brings; Fruition to her mantle clings, And plenty's shadow tips her wings.

Then let us sing when she is here, The gladdest season of the year; In voices loud and accents clear, A song to autumn, welcome, dear!

Ida Searle's Fortune.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THE front piazza of the solitary hotel at "Shady Retreat," a picturesque little village where a certain "set" of city people rusticated every summer—was crowded with a party of young folks, that made a charming picture that warm August morning.

"And you are sure you can not-or will not go with us, Mr. Florestan?"

It was the belle of the party who spoke Leila Lymington, in whose melodious voice lurked a familiarly confidential tone as she raised her wondrously sunny eyes to the gentleman's fine face.

And Alvan Florestan felt an unnatural, yet

withal very delightful tumult about his heart as he looked back at pretty Leila.

She was remarkably pretty, too, this Hebehe looked back at pretty Lem.

She was remarkably pretty, too, this Hebelike girl, with her tall, willowy figure, and a complexion that somehow reminded one of liquid pearls shot with dashes of molten rubies; then her large, lustrous eyes, sometimes blue the tell it, now we are here. Perhaps she will be promise Mr. Florestan to you."

Her tones were full of taunting scorn. golden-brown lashes, just the color of her mass of flowing, clinging hair that shone so in the

Proud, beautiful Leila Lymington—and she was in love with Alvan Florestan!

All this while he had made no answer; i seemed enough to him that he was looking away down in her soul through those clear windows -then, with a half-vexed remembrance of the fact that a dozen pairs of eyes were watching them, he threw off the sweet trance.

"I am sorry you insinuate that I do not wish to accompany the party. Indeed, Miss Lymington, I know of nothing I would like as

well, only--"
Gulio Clyne's merry voice arrested his hesitating reservation. tating reservation.

"Yes, 'only!' and we all understand what that means well enough, Mr. Florestan. You see, if some of us are country girls, we have heard of that charming lady at Long Branch, heard of that charming lady at Long Branch, and the second of the control of the country land of the control of

whither you have betaken yourself so often.' Gulio's merry, mischievous eyes were on him; but he did not seem to be at all abashed. That Long Branch lady again, Miss Clyne!

Really now, I doubt if that gay spot can produce any thing so attractive to me as I find here at Shady Retreat." His laughing face in no ways disconcerted

gay Gulio.
"Oh, thank you-in behalf of the party! Then, as you're not going to lend the grace of your magnificent presence on our tour to the seeress' hut, I propose we waste no more valuable time. Leila, you are ready? Ida, you and

Carrie have the shawls?" Miss Lymington's lip curled just the merest | der ?"

'I am ready, thank you. Mr. Florestan, I suppose I may bid you good-morning?" "Only don't be so icy, please," he pleaded, laughingly, yet with a light in his eyes that sent the glad blood to Leila's heart; then he turned to little Ida Searle.

It's too bad, isn't it, Miss Ida, that the ladies are all so severe because I've a particular errand down to York that must be seen to. You'll take my part, I'm sure.'

Ida's cheeks grew suddenly as scarlet as the shawl she was carrying over her arm; she looked up for a moment into Alvan Florestan's handsome face, then glanced half-deprecatingly at Miss Lymington's stern features.

"Pray do not refer to me, Ida, so mutely. Perhaps you had better remain home, so that you can console Mr. Florestan on his return

Then she went down the steps in her own queenly way, never noting the look of pain that flashed athwart Ida Searle's pure, pale face; and little would she have cared had she

But I think her new-born triumph would have been laid low could she have seen the sudden gleam of amazement in Mr. Florestan's dark eyes, bewildered amazement, almost: and the quick, tender look of sympathy he gave little Ida as she glanced timidly up, then away with wine-tinted cheeks.

But he raised his hat very gallantly to the 'A pleasant prophecy to you—and a sure ful-

"What a curious-looking place it is, isn't it? Come on, Leila, you needn't be afraid! There's Gulio Clyne was pushing into the Gipsy's hut in her customary go-ahead style, while the

other girls were content to follow at leisure.
"Such a place I never did see! Mercy! look at the skulls and-ugh !- I verily believe there's a whole skeleton hanging up! if it's not enough to freeze the blood to see it! Well, I suppose we all have to come to that, some day

With which comforting assurance she began poking about the gloomy, dingy room. "Here are cards-dirty and mighty suspicious of cigar smoke-in fact, the whole place smells kind o' manny.

The idea!" and Ida Searle's delicious little laugh rung out. As if the old witch uses any thing better

than tobacco and a pipe! Cigar, indeed! Gulio, you are in love with some one that smokes." The other girls laughed at the well-known hint to Gulio, but Leila turned sharply around

"Will you be so good as to speak when you are spoken to? If you'd remember you are my companion, hired and paid, you'd not be so likely to consider yourself an equal."

"Yes, sar," responded the negro, promptly; then he closed the door and followed the over-seer.

The tears sprung to Ida's violet eyes.
"Leila!" she exclaimed, indignantly, "you know I am as much uncle Grey's niece as you

'Are you? Then perhaps you can inform

me which one of Mr. Grey's nieces it is who is the overseer answered. fishing so plainly for a certain gentleman! Ida "All right, den; s'pe Searle, I am ashamed of you. "Come-come!" interposed Nettie Warren, dently. don't torment little Ide again-you are awful

cross, Leila. Let's go sit down until the old hag returns—isn't that she yonder?"

Near them, coming down the forest path, was a tall, ungainly creature, whose heavy man's boots were revealed by the short skimpy

A faded shawl was pinned most awkwardly around the square shoulders, and an old hood was drawn over the head.

A dark skin, yellow-stained teeth, and a basket of blossoms completed the description. Somewhat awe-stricken, the girls awaited her approach in silence; then suddenly, as if possessed of some impulse, Leila Lymington darted from her seat on the mossy tree-trunk, and ran forward to meet the woman

See-stop a moment while I tell you what I will pray you to do. The little white-faced chit yonder, with the cherry-colored shawl over her shoulders—you must prophecy her a dark fortune, the gloomier the better. Do you mind? And for me-remember to describe a tall, royal man with dark eyes, a fair skin, and brown hair

Then taking breath after the disjointed sentences, Leila pressed a five-dollar bill in the witch's hand, and swept haughtily back. 'That's not fair!" cried Gulio. "How are we

to know you have not bribed her?" "Because I say I have not," unblushingly re-plied Leila: and just then the fortune-teller set down her basket and approached the party.
"What is it you want?"

It was a rough voice, and Ida shivered.
"What should we want, sure enough? Ain't
it your business to tell fortunes?"

The fortune-teller turned her eyes slowly to-"Cross my palm with silver and I will read the stars for you. It is for you, bright-eyed maiden," she went on, as the girls dropped the

previously-provided scarce silver coins in her grimy hand. "It is written against you to marry early, be wido wed early, and all with a cloud on your heart never to be uplifted till the second lover comes with bonny blue eyes to smile it away.

Leila. "Why, he is in love with you—or vice versa. Which is it, Queen Leila?"

Miss Lymington's lips curled with a self-satisfied smile, and she held out her hand to the

Gipsy.

"Perhaps Goody can inform you on that dis-

puted point—can you?"

The fortune-teller peered at the soft pink palm; then went over to Ida, whose eyes were full of crushed tears; then she shook her head.
"I see clouds, black and rose-colored; I see treachery and tender heartedness; I see happiness and discontent; it lies between you wo-you two."

Then she turned abruptly away, and the girls, with a burst of surprised exclamations, retraced

Flushed, weary, and yet passing fair, Leila Lymington sat among the honeysuckle vines that clung around the hotel porch; Ida nestled on the grass at the foot of the flight, her white obes gleaming in the duskness.

Alvan Florestan, carelessly smoking, came up the village street from the depot, and Leila's eeks flushed as she saw him coming, for with all her faults she loved him so.
"The night is so splendid, Alvan."

Her low, thrilling tones did not seem to discompose him in the least; and, despite that confidentially, friendly "Alvan," that she seldom ventured on, he very coolly knocked the column of ashes from his cigar.

"Yes, very fine," he remarked, a second la-"Isn't that Ida on the grass by the eleanter.

guess so. We missed you so much. wished a dozen times you had gone."
"Yes? Well, I had pretty serious business to transact, and I feel gratified at the result.

collected a bill I never dreamed of."

Somehow it stirred Leila's heart to have him peak to her of his private affairs; and how stately his head was, leaning against the white

"I am glad you were successful; I am always pleased to hear of the good fortune of any one I—of a friend."

She made that little mistake very charmingy, and lifted her eyes to his.
"That reminds me," he said, after another

pause. "I think you can tell me where this came from. I assure you I shall keep it as a memento of this lucky day."

He drew a five-dollar bill from his vest pock-Leila stared.

"What?" she said, at length.

Then he drew his cigar away, and descending a step lower, stood just in front of Leila. "Miss Lymington, my little ruse in borrowng the fortune-teller's house and apparel, tolay, from a freak of pure mischief, has resultd very strangely—very solemnly, and yet very elightfully. I need not explain; suffice it delightfully. I need not explain; suffice it that I shall ever retain your generous fee to remind me why I never became nearer or dearen to you. Now, I am going down there, under the oleander, to ask Ida Searle to be my wife." And so Ida's fortune was a true one-the ose-colored clouds, and the life of happiness -for as Mrs. Alvan Florestan, her days passed in one long, sweet devotion.

The Man from Texas:

THE OUTLAWS OF ARKANSAS.

A STORY OF THE ARKANSAS BORDER. BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "21AD DETECTIVE," ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB,
"WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED
MAZEPPA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF
FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"LIFTING THE TRAIL." "By golly! is dat you, Massa Texas?" Sam exclaimed, as he opened the door, and the light streaming out revealed the face and form of the overseer.

Yes; come out; I want to speak to you." "Yes, sar," and Sam advanced a step or two 'Close the door; I want you to walk up the

road a piece."

"Hadn't you better go and get a hat?" Texas asked, noticing that the black was uncovered.
"Is you gwine far?"

"Oh, no, only up to the gate; I want to have a little talk with you about the hands," "All right, den; s'pect I won't catch de r'u'-matis'; dis yer child tough," Sam said, confi-

The two walked slowly past the house and

down the shady avenue, bordered by magnolia trees, which led to the main road.

"Quite a number of the hands are in the sta-ble now, I suppose?" Texas asked. "Yes, sar; de boys heered jes' a bit 'bout dat yer trial an' how de ole Judge fotched dem, an' dey come up for to git me to 'splain de matter to dere obfusticated interlums," Sam explained, with a great deal of dignity visible in his man-

ner.
"What do they think about the affair?" "By golly, dey say dat de ole Judge is mad for sure, an' dat young Bob Howard ain't much better, fur he's ginerally dat full of whisky dat it wouldn't do fur to hold a lighted match near his mouf, kase he'd 'splode, sure's yer born." But what do they think of the way I han-

dled King Congo?"
"Now, Massa Texas, I jes' tell yer w'at it is!' Sam exclaimed, emphatically, "dar ain't a nig on dis yer plantation dat would dar't c wink crossways at ye now. Dat Congo's jes' de worst man you eber see'd. He's jes' bin walkin' right ober de darkies 'round heah eber since he come.

You think, then, that we will not have any trouble with the hands?" Texas asked, thought-

fully.
"Not a mite, Massa Texas!" Sam exclaimed, in a very decided manner; "dey's all willin' to work, ef dem bad niggers will only keep away an' luff 'em alone. Dey's got to live jes' like a white man, an', ef dey don't work, whar is dey gwine to git dar victulums, an' dat's w'at's de matter wid Hannah?"

"The hands generally are perfectly willing to work, I suppose, if such fellows as this Congo leave them alone?"

"By golly, Massa Texas, you kin jes' bet all de ha'r on de back of your head on dat!" Sam replied, emphatically. "It's jes' such mean brack niggers as dis yer Congo dat makes all de fuss. I 'clar' to goodness, I done t'ink you smash him ribs in when you hit dat belly-whopper dat time. By golly! he looked as ef he had bin sent fur an' couldn't come!"

The overseer laughed at the expression. "Who were those fellows that Congo had along with him?"

"Dem darkies dat lie so in de court?" "I don't wan' fur to say nuffin ag'in' no-body," Sam said, cautiously, "but, ef I was a chicken an' saw dem nigs comin' in de night, I

jes' roost mighty high."
"Don't work much, I suppose?" "De hardest work dey eber do is huntin' coops in de swamp," Sam replied, disdainfully. Dem's poor trash; ain't fit fur nuffin but to drink whisky, an' sleep in de sun wid dere mouts open fur to ketch flies."

"Yes, but this old fellow that they call Uncle Snow, is he one of that class, too?" Texas ask ed, carelessly. "Oh, no, sar; he's a gemmen, he is. He's off, no, sar; he's a geminen, he is. He's iges' one of de best ole niggers dat dere is in dis yer country. Why, he was raised on dis yer place wid de Gineral."

"He was?"

"Yes, sar; 'fore de war he was de Gineral's own man, but when de Gineral was off wid de sodjers, arter de Linkun Yankees come, de ole Uncle started a store fur to sell to de sodjers; you see, dere was 'bout a hundred Yankees down to de landing."

"And did the old man make out pretty well?" Texas asked, in a careless sort of way. "Yes, sar; he done fust-rate, an' he's got a mighty nice little store now in his ole shanty he does a heap of business dere."
"Where is the old man's store?"

Texas asked the question more with the air of a man who was merely talking because he had nothing better to do than from any real interest in the subject.
"You knows whar de Judge's place is; an' ef

you noticed dat jes' afore you get to de furst house de odder side of de Judge's place dat dere is a small road turns off to de right."

"Yes, I think I noticed it," the overseer said, "Yes, I think I noticed it," the overseer said, thoughtfully; "there's a small white-washed shanty on the left, facing the road, isn't there?" was me or not?" the overseer asked, as the old man closed the door again and proceeded to put

"Yes, sar," Sam replied, promptly. "Well, when you get to dat road you turn off to de right han, as ef you was a-gwine to Fort Smith, an' de furst house you come to is ole Uncle Snow's."

Then the overseer turned abruptly round and commenced to walk back to the house; Sam followed his example.

"You think that there will be no trouble with the hands?" Texas said, returning to the former subject again.

"No, sar; sure as yer born !" replied the ne-gro, decidedly, "dere won't any more mean brack trash come foolin' 'round dis yer plantation arter de way you wolloped Congo; but jes' you look out, Massa Texas, dat dat mean nig don't hide in a fence-corner wid a shot-gun fur yer some time; he'd jes' as soon shoot a man as eat a roasted 'possum."

'I'll keep my eyes open for him," Texas reed, in his cool, careless way. "If he ever and I don't wish any one to hear it besides oursels a weapon at me, I'll give him a chance selves." Texas spoke with evident earnestplied, in his cool, careless way. "If he ever levels a weapon at me, I'll give him a chance to get measured for a coffin before he can pull

"Hi-vah!" chuckled Sam; "I'd walk ten mil's fur to see dat nigger planted, 'deed I

The two walked on in silence until they reached the house.

With his foot on the steps, Texas spoke: "We'll take field bright and early to-morrow; we must make up for the time lost to-

"Yes, sar; de nigs are willin' fur to do all dey kin ef dey ain't 'sturbed by scallywaglums like dat Congo," Sam replied, as he departed The overseer proceeded up-stairs directly to his room, drew a match on the sole of his boot

and lit a candle, which stood upon the mantel-The face of the overseer was dark and

gloomy, and there was a restless, fitful light in He opened the top drawer of the little bureau, which stood between the two windows, and from the drawer took the leather belt

which swung the two holsters into which the revolvers were thrust.

Texas drew the revolvers from the holsters. and, by the light of the candle, inspected the charges. Fully satisfied that they were in perfect order, he returned them to their places and buckled the belt around his waist. the drawer he took the keen-edged bowie-knife and thrust it through the belt. And after this begun. was done, he extinguished the candle, and quietly closing the door behind him, stole with oiseless steps down the stairs.

With equal caution he opened the front door of the house and closed it behind him, after he had passed through the portal. The sounds of laughter and of merriment

still came from the negroes in the stable.

Texas hesitated and listened for a moment: then descending the steps, he walked cautiously lown the avenue toward the road. He fancied that he was unobserved, but his

thought was wrong, for Missouri, sitting by one of the windows of her bed-chamber, which overlooked the approach to the house, detected the figure of the overseer skulking, like a thief in the night, into the dense shadows cast by the magnolia trees.

CHAPTER XXV. OLE UNCLE SNOW.

WITH cautious steps the overseer proceeded until he came to the main road; then he cast a

single glance back at the house as if to reassure himself that his departure had not been noticed by any one. Feeling fully satisfied that he was unobserved, he proceeded with rapid steps down the road toward Smithville. It was one of the balmy spring nights so common to Arkansas. The dark-blue sky above was studded with a countless myriad of

twinkling stars—spangled over with the jewels of the night. The moon had not yet risen, but afar off on the line of the eastern horizon appeared the faint glow of light which heralded the coming of the bride of darkness. The insects of the night piped their shrill tones from earth, grass, bush and tree, and all the air was filled with a sweet, subtle perfume coming from

the opening spring blossoms.

But the overseer heeded not the glorious sky above, the notes of the night insects, nor the sweet incense of Nature's children. Once he had paused and cast a glance up at the be-diamond heavens above, not to look and wonder at the flashing lamps of the firmament, but to note how soon the moon would rise, and then again he had halted for a second in his rapid onward stride when the distant howls of the watch-dogs broke upon the stillness of the night, as cur answered cur in fierce and vapor-

Onward with vigorous strides he went, the fierce passion of the chase swelling in his heart, and what scent so hot in our nostrils as when we track the human quarry?

Judge Yell's place he passed and came to where the narrow road turned off to the right.

Twenty paces up the road, heading to the west, and the overseer paused in front of a small two-story shanty, the whitewashed walls of which glared out on the gloom of the night. Through the cracks of the door and the tightly-shuttered windows came the flickering rays of a light, showing that the inmates of the

shanty had not yet retired to rest.

The overseer stepped up to the door and There was a moment of silence, then came the sound of some one moving within the shanty and then steps approached the door but no one spoke. The overseer guessed at once that the inmate was listening as if to assure himself that his ears had not deceived him; so Texas

raised his hand and thumped on the door again.
"Who's dar?" questioned a voice from within, and from the voice the overseer recognized at once that it was the old uncle in person who Mr. Texas, General Smith's overseer."

"An' does you want fur to see me?" the old negro asked.
"Yes, I've got some very important business

with you; open the door."
"Is you all alone?"
"Yes," Texas replied, wondering at the old man's caution. Then he heard the noise made by the negro

in removing the stout bar which fastened the door, and after that the door opened and the old, white-headed darky peered out cautiously.
"'Fore de Lord, dat is you for sure, Massa
Texas!" the old negro exclaimed, throwing
open the door widely so that the overseer could enter; an invitation which he immediately pro-

The interior of the sharty consisted of one room only. On the right hand was a small counter, and around the sides of the room were shelves filled with a miscellaneous stock of groceries and dry-goods. A tallow candle burned on the counter, and

near by was a cane-seat arm-chair which the old negro evidently had been occupying when he had been aroused by the knock at the door.

At one end of the room was a ladder which

up the bar. Yes, sar," the old uncle answered, promptly; "dere's a heap of mean white folksbrack trash too fur dat matter—a-prowlin' round arter dark. You can't be too keerful, Massa Texas. Dey t'ink dat de ole man's got a little money 'kase I keeps dis yere store, an' I done t'ink dat dey will trouble me sometime. I t'ought I knew yer voice, but I wasn't gwine to leff you in afore I know'd fur sure."

"Is there anybody besides ourselves in the house?" Texas asked, glancing around, and his eyes resting upon the rude ladder leading to the "Yes, sar; dere's my gran'son up dar," the old negro replied. "I'spect he's sound asleep

dough; dat chile kin sleep like a yaller dog in 'You had better find out if he is asleep, for

The old negro looked astonished. He couldn't imagine what could be the nature of the

"I done see, sar," he replied. "Ephraim, you Ephraim!" he called, going to the foot of the ladder; but there was no answer from the occupant of the room above. "I done t'ink he's sound as a 'coon in a hollow tree, Massa Texas," the old negro said, in a tone of conviction. "I'll jes' take a look up dar an' see

dough, fur sure." The old man climbed up the ladder, and as his head emerged through a hole in the floor above, the heavy breathing of the young negro, who was stretched out, wrapped in a buffalo robe, in the further corner of the upper room, convinced him that the boy was sound asleep.

The negro descended the ladder again. "Is he asleep?" Texas asked. "Jes' like a log, sar; 'fore de Lord, he isn't gwine to done wake out of dat sleep afore de

mornin'," the old negro answered. "Then he will not be like to overhear our conversation?'

No, sar." "Sit down, uncle, for I reckon we've got quite a talk before us," Texas said, helping himself to the arm-chair by the counter while the old negro sat down on a keg near by, an expression of wonder on his face. Now, uncle, we want to go a good ways

back-'way back to the first of the war," Texas Yes, sar; but dis yere ole nigger is stumped as to w'at you's gwine to say," the aged black remarked, in wonder.

You will understand pretty soon; but, in the first place, before I commence, I want you to promise to keep what I am going to say a profound secret. You mustn't say a word about the matter to any one. Will you promise that?

The old darky thought the matter over for a few minutes in silence.
"See hyer, Massa Texas," he said, at length. 'you isn't gwine to git me inter any trouble, is

"Well, then, as long as you isn't gwine to ax

then he remained silent for a few minutes, evidently deliberating how to begin, while the old negro watched him with an expression of won-der visible on his wrinkled, dried-up features. "You remember when the war commenced,

"Yes, sar," the old uncle replied, promptly;
"I was living on Gineral Smith's place den;
dar's whar I was raised. De Gineral was kurnel of de fust rigiment dat was got up 'round hyer. I 'spected dat de Gineral would want hyer. I 'spected dat de Gineral would want me fur to go 'long when de rigiment marched fur Missouri wid Massa Gineral Price, but de ole massa t'ought dat I was too ole fur to go wid de sodgers an' luff me behind."

"Do you remember about two years after that time, in the spring of sixty-three, when a

regiment of Texas troops were quartered down at the landing?"
"Yes, sar," the old negro replied; "dey was rigular game-cocks, dey was; dey had more fightin' an' gamblin' an' whisky drinkin' in dat ir rigiment dan any odder rigiment dat I ebber see'd. De ossifers of dat air rigiment used fur to ride t'rough de town jes' bilin' drunk." "And just about that time quite a number of

strange blacks came into the landing, a great many came with this same Texas regiment?" "Yes, sar; 'fore de Lord, dere was a heap of

Old Uncle Snow started in amazement, and

THE YELLOW BOY, JUPE. THE eyes of the overseer sparkled as he no-

ticed the expression upon the face of the ne-gro. He felt sure that he was upon the right scent, after all. Old Uncle Snow looked down at the floor; then he stared up at the ceiling; and, finally, he cast a cautious glance at the face of the overseer, but the calm expression he saw there did not aid him in the least to guess why

Francis Texas should inquire concerning a vagabond freedman. "Why does you want to know?" the old

negro asked, cautiously, and with a look of in-tense curiosity upon his dried-up features.

The overseer laughed. "What the deuce has that got to do with it?" he questioned. "I simply asked you, old man, if you knew the boy. What do you care what I want with him?"

"Of course it's no bus'ness of mine, sar; I know dat fur sure. You see, I only axed kase you kinder flustrated me. 'Fore de Lord, how could I tell dat you know'd any t'ing 'bout Jupe?" the negro replied, evasively.

"You knew a valley follow could I uniter. "You knew a yellow fellow called Jupiter, then?"

"Yes, sar." "Have you any idea where he is now?"

"No, sar; I ain't set my two eyes on him since he done leave dis yere place, in eighteen-sixty - four," Uncle Snow answered, very quickly.

'What sort of a boy was this Jupe?" "He was a right smart, good boy, sar."
"Were you pretty intimate with him when he was around here?" Texas asked, in quite an indifferent sort of way, but as he put the question, he watched the face of the old negro Yes, sar, I know'd him pretty well."

"I met Jupiter down in Texas and he told me that he had some right good friends up this way. He spoke particularly about some good old aunty who nursed him through a long attack of the swamp-fever that kept him on his back for a long time.'

"Wot's dat!" exclaimed the old negro, in astonishment; "an ole aunty nurse him t'rough a fever? By golly! dat was me; yes, sar! "It was you?" the overseer exclaimed, apparently astonished.

"Yes, sar, dis yere ole nigger!" replied Uncle Snow, emphatically; "dere wa'h't a she-woman round dat boy from de furst to de las'. I nu'sed him from de time dat I diskivered him flat on his back, out in de cabin by de swamp, till he went away from dis yere place, down de riber in de Des Arc."

"Come to think of it, I believe Jupiter did tell me that it was a man that helped him along," the overseer remarked. Yes, sar; it was me, sure as you're born !" Uncle Snow persisted. 'Of course you don't know that Jupiter is

"Dead!" exclaimed the old man, in wonder; 'is dat so?" "Yes; he walked off a steamer one night in the dark, coming up the Mississippi, and the current swept him down. The body even was

'Poor nigger," Uncle Snow observed, with a shake of his head. "Yes; he gave just one cry when he struck the water, and then the current sucked him under. That was only about two weeks ago. He and I were coming up the river together,

bound for this place." The old negro looked a little astonished at this intelligence. He couldn't understand what possible interest there could be in common between the freedman, Jupiter, and the redcoated overseer.

"And poor Jupiter drowned fur sure?" the negro murmured, in a melancholy tone. "Yes; and now, Uncle Snow, I've come after that package Jupiter left in your care," Texas said, in an off-hand way. The negro gave just a little bit of a start, but he did not seem so much astonished as he

had been at first. "A package dat Jupe luft wid me?" the old fellow inquired. "Yes; if you have any doubts, just look at this ring," the overseer said, and he took a small seal ring of chased gold from his wallet and gave it into the hands of Uncle Snow.

The old negro looked at it carefully. the expression upon his features it was plainly evident that he had seen it before. "Do you recognize it?" Texas asked. "Yes, sar." "And you will surrender the package to me that he left with you for safe keeping?"
"'Fore de Lord, he didn't leave any package

wid me, sar," the old negro replied, earnestly The overseer laughed; he understood the subterfuge. "Uncle Snow, have you any objection to tell me how you became acquainted with Jupi-

ter?" Texas asked. The old darky cocked his head on one side after the fashion of a deliberating hen and looked at the overseer for a moment with an expression of profound wisdom plainly visible upon his wrinkled features. He was apparently meditating whether he would compromise himself in any way by giving the information that the overseer had asked for.

"Well, I dunno," he said, slowly; "I don't see as it will hurt nuffin' ef I tole you 'bout de 'hole t'ing.' "I don't see myself how it will possibly

me far to hurt nobody or nuffin' I'll 'greed fur harm any one, Uncle, if you open your potato-to keep my mouf shet."

"That is all I ask," the overseer rejoined; "Jupiter's dead; so it can't damage him."

scallywags wid dat rigiment?"
"Did you ever happen to meet at that time with a light-colored yellow fellow named Juan expression of profound wonder came over his sable face.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"No, sar, an' I don't 'spect dat it would hurt him a mite ef he wasn't," the old darky said, sagely. "But you see, sar, your comin' in in dis yere promisc'us way an' 'quirin' 'bout dat yaller boy has so kinder obfusticated me dat I'clare to man I'se completely conglom-

'Go ahead and tell me what you know about the boy, and then I'll explain to you why I inquire and the means by which I have been constituted heir to the package that Jupiter left in this town.'

the negro said, absently; his mind was evidently in a fog. The easy assurance of the overseer perplexed him.

"You first met Jupe in sixty-three, I be-

"Yes, sar, it was when dat yere Texas rigiment was hyer. I had jes' got permission from de Gineral fur to open dis yere store. I kin remember jes' as well as kin be, it was de very night dat dat Texas rigiment left de landing fur to go an' fight dat Yankee Gineral Steele, fur to go an' fight dat Yankee Gin Mulberry crick road-you see, I'd been back in de country, fur to buy some eggs an' chickens an' a lot of odder truck; an' dere was a bright moon dat night, an' jes' as I come along de road, 'bout three miles out, where de swash from Black Jack Swamp run clos' up to de road, I heered de awfullest groans dat I ebber did heer. At fust I was de most scared nigger dat ebber was seen, but den I listen jes' a little, an' I foun' out dat de noise came from a little ole cabin back from de road, right by de swamp; an' den, putty soon, I see'd dat it wasn't any t'ing bad, only some poor critter dat was hurt mighty owful. So I went ober to de cabin, an' dere I found Jupiter a lyin' flat on his back wid de wust fever dat you ebber did see. I fixed him up as well as I could, an' he tole me all about himself. He was de servant of one of dem Texas ossifers, an' he had bin beat jes' as ef he had bin a dog, an' he'd rur away, knowin' dat de rigiment was gwine to move afore long, an' dat dey wouldn't be able fur to hunt for him much. He had bin lyin' in de swamp fur two nights an' de fever got hold of him. You see, he was one of dem niggers from near de Mexikin line, whar dey don't have much fever. He hadn't suffer' much vill arter sundown, an' den de ole fever jes' laid him right out. I's'pect he would have bin a dead nigger 'fore long ef I hadn't come along jes' den, like de good Samaritan dat you reac about in de Scriptur's. I happen to have a lit tle whisky dat pine burrs had bin steeped in de best t'ing in de world fur to break de fever, an' wid dat I fotch him along. Arter he got well, an' de Yankees gobbled up Little Rock,

he went down dere an' I nebber see'd any thin' (To be continued—Commenced in No. 181.)

The Specter Barque.

A TALE OF THE PACIFIC

BY CAPT, MAYNE REID, AUTHOR OF "TRACKED TO DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXIX.

A DUEL TO THE DEATH. " LET the fight be a fair one!"

So demand several voices as the pirate crew comes clustering; around the intending com-

"Look here, shipmates!" continues Striker. still standing between the two angry men, and alternately cying them. "What's the use o' spillin' blood about it, may be killin' one the other? all for the sake o' a pair o' petticoats, or a kupple o' pairs eyther. Take my advice, an' settle the thing in a pacifical way. Maybe ye will, after ye've heer'd what I intend prowhich, I dar' say, 'll be satisfactory to

"What is it, Jack?" asks one of the out-

siders.
"First, then, I'm a-goin' to make the observashun that fightin' a'n't the way to get them weemen, whoever may be fools enough to fight for 'em. There's somethin' to be did besides.' "Explain yourself, old Sydney; what's to be done besides?" The girls leas got to be paid for as well as

fit for. How?"

"How! What humbuggin' nonsense to ask! Hain't we all equal shares in 'em? Coorse we have. Therefore them as wants 'em bad, won't objeck to payin'. Theer appear to be four candydates in the field, and cur'us enough they're set in pairs, two for each o' the seenyoritas. Now, 'ithout refarrin' to any fightin' that's to be done, I say that eyther as eventyally gits a gal, shed pay a considerashun o' gold-dust all round to the rest o' us—say a pannikin apiece That's what Jack Striker first proposes."

"Nothing more than our rights," asserts a

I agree to it," says Harry Blew. "I too," adds Davis.

Gomez gives assent by a disdainful nod, Her-

nandez matating the action. In fear of losing adherents, neither dare refuse.

What more have you to say ?" asks one, recalling Striker to his promise of further pro-

"Not much, only I think it be a pity, after our bein' so long in harmony together, we can't part same way. Weemen's allers been a bother ever since I've knowed 'em; an' I s'pose they'll continue so to the eend o' the chapter, an' the eend o' some lives here. I repeet, that quarrel, when blood's bound to be spilt. Now, why can't it be settled without that? I think

I know of a way.' What way? "Leave it to the woomen themselves; gi'e them the choice o' who they'd like to go along wi'; same time lettin' 'em understan' they've got to choose one or t'other. Let 'em take their pick, an after, theer's to be no more disputin'. That's the law in the Austraylyin bush, when

we've a case o' this kind, and every bush ranger has to 'bide by it. Why shouldn't it be the and fair for all."

Leonsent to it," says Harry Blew, drawing back, as if not sure of the result, but willing to submit to what may be the wish of the majori I promise to stand aside, and say ne'er another word, much less care to fight for her. She may go wi' Gomez, an' take my blessin' for both."

"Bravo, Blew! You talk like an honest man. Don't be afraid; we'll stand by you."

"Bravo, Blew! You talk like an honest man. Don't be afraid; we'll stand by you."

Several say this. "Comrades." says Davis, "I place myself in your hands. If my girl goes against me, I'm willing to give her up, same as Blew."

What about Gomez and Hernandez? What answer will they make to the proposed peace- fast fear. ful compromise! All eyes are turned on them,

every one awaiting it.

speaks. Hitherto he has been holding his anger in restraint. Now it breaks out, poured forth like lava from a burning mountain.

"Carajo!" he cries. "I've been listening a long time to talk—taking it too coolly. Cursed dle talk, all of it; yours, Mr. Striker, especialy. What care we about your ways in the Australian bush? They won't hold good with me.

Pistols at six paces, or my cutlass against that thing of yours. Both if you like,"
"Both be it. That's best; and we'll make

rather decline the proposed combat a voutrance.

"No, Bill, exclaims Striker, interfering.

"One fight at a time. When Blew and Gomez hev got through, then you can gi'e the other his change, if so be he wants to hev it."

Hernandez appears gratified with the speech. disregarding the inuendo. He had no thought it would come to this, and looks as if he would urrender up his sweetheart without striking a He makes no rejoinder, but shrinks back like a craven.

'Yes; one fight at a time!" urge the others, indorsing the dictum of Striker.

It is the demand of the majority, and the mi-

nority concedes it.

All know it is to be a duel to the death. A glance at the antagonists, at their angry eyes and determined attitudes, makes this sure. On that lone sea beach, one of the two will soon

sleep his last sleep: it may be both.

The preliminaries are speedily arranged. Under the circumstances and between such adversaries, there are but few punctilios of cere mony to be satisfied; only the rough code of honor common among robbers of all climes. No seconds are chosen or spoken of. All on the ground are to act as such, and at once pro-

Some mark and measure the distance, stepping it between two stones. Others examine the pistols, see that both are loaded with

ball-cartridge, and carefully capped.

The fight is to be with Colt's six-shooters, navy size. Each combatant chances to have one of this pattern. They are to commence firing at twelve paces apart, and fire away, closing quick as either chooses. If neither fathe shots, then to finish up with the steel.

The captives inside the cave are ignorant of what is going on. Little dream they of the red tragedy soon to be enacted near, or how much they may be affected by its result. It is, indeed, to them the chance of a contrasting des-

The combatants have taken stand by the stones, placed twelve paces apart. Blew, having stripped off his pilot-cloth coat, is in his shirt-sleeves. These rolled up to the elbow show ranges of tattooing, red and blue; ships, anchors, stars, crosses, crescents and sweethearts, a perfect palimpsest of pictorial record. They show also muscles lying along the arm like sennit cords upon a stay. Should the shots fail, that arm promises well for wielding the cutlass; and if those fingers clutch his antagonical these than the struggle will be a short one ist's throat, the struggle will be a short one.

No weak adversary will he meet in Gil Gomez. He, too, has thrown aside his outer garments—the scarlet cloak and heavy hat, hitherto shading his features. He does not need stripping to the shirt-sleeves; the light jaquet of velveteen in no way incumbers him. Fit-ting like a glove, it displays arms of no ordinary

strength, with a body in symmetrical corres-A duel between two such gladiators—and to

the death—should be a spectacle worth witnessing. It might be painful; for all that, fearfully interesting.

Those about to witness it seem to think so,

as all stand silent, with breath bated, and eyes ent alternately on the two antagonists It is has been already arranged that Striker is to give the signal, and the ex-convict, standing centrally outside the line of fire, is about to say a word that will set two men, mad as tigers, at one another—each with full determination to

blaze away, cut down, and kill.

There is a moment of intense stillness, like the Iull which precedes a storm. Nothing heard save the tidal wash against the adjacent strand and the boom of the distant breakers, at intervals intermingled with the shrill scream of

The cautionary "ready" is forming on Striker's lips, to be followed by the "Fire!—one—two—three."

Not one of these words, not a syllable of them, is he permitted to speak. Before he can give utterance to the "ready," a cry comes lown from the cliff, which arrests the attention It is La Crosse who sends it, speaking in an

accent of alarm.
"Sacre!" he exclaims. "Mon Dieu! Mon

Then follows the explanatory phrase: "We're upon an island!"

CHAPTER LXX. RETRIBUTION.

WHEN the forest is on fire, or the savanna swept by flood, and the wild denizens flee to a spot uninvaded, the timid deer is safe beside the fierce wolf and treacherous congar. In face of the common danger they will stand tremblingly together; the beasts of prey for the time gentle as their victims.

So with human kind; a parallel being furnished by what occurs to the pirate crew of the Condor and their captives.

• The former on hearing the cry of La Crosse are at first only surprised. Soon this changes to apprehension, keen enough to stay the threatening fight, even indefinitely to postpone it. For at the words "we're upon an island" all are struck with an instinctive sense of "Why shouldn't it? It's a good law-just danger; and all, combatants as well as spectators, rush up the cliff, and on to the summit of

a hill La Crosse has already climbed.

Arrived there, and casting their eyes around, they have evidence of the truth of his assertion. ty. "I may not be so young or good-lookin' They are upon an island—a strait, many miles as Mr. Gomez," he adds. "I know I ain't, sytler: Still, I'll take my chance. If she I love and lay claim to, pronounces against me, est swimmer among them—too wide for them est swimmer among them-too wide for them to be descried from the opposite shore, even

table-topped, sterile, treeless.

And to all appearance waterless! As this last thought takes shape in their

minds, at the same time remembering they have no boat, what was at first only a flurry of excited apprehension, settles into fixed, stead-

It becomes cold terror when, after scattering over the islet, and exploring it from end to

Gomez gives it, his eyes flashing fire as he end, they again come together and each party delivers its report.

No wood save some stunted mezquites; no

water, stream, pond or spring; only that of the salt sea, laving its shingly strand. No sign of animal life, except snakes, scorpions and lizards, with the birds flying above screaming, as if in triumph at the intruders being entrapped.

For they are entrapped, and clearly compre

My style of settling disputes is this, or this."

He touches his pistol butt, and the hilt of the machete hanging against his hip. "Mr. Blew may have his choice."

"All right!" retorts Blew. "I'm good for a bout wi' eyther, and don't care a toss which.

After again gazing across After again gazing across. hend it. Most of them are men who have professionally followed the sea, and understand what it is to be a castaway. Some have had experience of this, and and need no reminding

After again gazing across the broad belt of water between them and the main shore—an expanse that precludes all thought of swimming -after giving another glance at the sterile islet at the same time recalling the circumstances of their bilged boat, to a man they feel their safety compromised, as if the spot of insulated earth under their feet instead of being but three leagues from land were three thousand; for that matter, in the middle of the Pacific.

One and all now realize the extent of the danger they have brought upon themselves. What madness to have abandoned the barque! reflect that their cruelty to those on board has the door. come back upon them as a curse!

The interrupted duel-what of it? Nothing. Or if any thing, only thought of as a thing of the past. Between the ci-devant combatants mad anger and jealous rivalry may still remain. But neither shows it now; both are subdued in contemplation of their common peril, Blew apparently less than his antago

Still all seem sufficiently frightened-awed by a combination of occurrences that look like Heaven's hand stretched out to chastise them

for their sins. In their midst Carmen Montijo and Inez Alvarez are now as safe as if walking the streets of Cadiz, or flirting their fans at a "fancion de toros." Safe so far as any likelihood of being toros.' molested by the ruffians around them; safe as

the lamb beside the millennial lion. But alas! exposed to the danger threatening all-to death from hunger, thirst, starvation. Of this, at first, there is only a vague fear. Surely some means will be discovered to escape

from the island? Or remaining on it, some way to sustain life? Hopes, that, as the days pass, turn out illusions. Not a stick of timber out of which to construct a raft, nothing for food, save reptiles on the land, and shell-fish in the sea; these scarce and difficult to be collected. Now and then a bird, its flesh ill-flavored, smelling rank, and the same tasting. But the want above all

feel as if on fire. Plenty of water around. Too much of it rippling up to their feet—only tantalizing them. The briny deep—they may touch, but dare not taste. It makes them mad to look upon it. To drink it will but madden them the more. Knowing this they refrain.

-water! For days not a drop till their throats

A fearful fate threatens the crew of the abandoned barque; in horror equaling that to which they believe they have consigned those left aboard her.

It might be deemed a just retribution—a punishment apportioned to their crime—but for their innocent captives, who are destined to suffer the same.

Presuming this to be the result, one can not feel, with the pirates, that God's hand is upon them, or that His arm has yet been extended over that desert isle. If it were, He would not suffer the innocent to go down with the guilty. Let us hope, let us pray, that he will not.

CHAPTER LXXI.

SIX DAYS OF A GONY "VIRGEN! Santissima Virgen! Mother of

The prayerful apostrophe is heard in the cabin of the Condor. It is Don Gregorio Montijo who utters it.

Six days have elapsed since the desertion of the crew; and the vessel is still afloat, sailing with full canvas set as on the night when the During all this time has her captain been

seated at table vis-a-vis with his passenger. Upright in their chairs, without change of attitude, or none worth noting. Without having tasted food or drink, in spite of the repast spread before them. Confections; fruits so near that the perfume fills their nostrils; the bouquet of best wines escaping from uncorked bottles, and decanters with the stoppers out.

Little care they for the quality of these. The craving hunger and burning thirst from which they now suffer would make welcome the stalest sea-biscuit, and the worst water

ever contained in a ship's cask.

Food and drink before their eyes, but berond reach of their hands and lips as much as f miles away! It but aggravates their suffer-

ing; and they experience all the agony that ortured Tantalus. For six long days have they endured it, and as many nights. It has made fearful inroad on heir strength, their frames. Both are reduced

almost to the condition of skeletons; cheekbones protruding, eyes sunk deep in the sock-Were the cords which confine them cut away, they would sink feebly on the floor. The lashing alone keeps them erect. Impossible to paint the agony of those dread six days—the pangs of hunger, the terrible torture of thirst, and along with both the con-

stant and dread certainty of death—lingering death. To Don Gregorio more, far more. Plundered of his property, bereft of his children, at once robbed and ruined! All this in retrospect, with the far keener anguish, as he reflects on the present, and the future. Where are his dear ones? What has been done to are his dear ones? What has been done to them? What is to be their fate? Is it still hanging over them? or has it been fulfilled? In any case so sad he scarce dares to dwell on it. He dreads the undoing of his reason.

The two starving men have not all the while been silent. At times they have conversed up on the circumstances of their desperate situation, reviewing the events that led to it. much of the latter; since the cause seems clear. Cupidity, tempted by gold, sufficiently accounts for the robbery of the ship and her desertion.

The abduction has been a circumstance accidental to the scheme. The pirates carrying off the booty were not likely to leave such beauty

All these points have come up in converse, and been so decided on.

Other topics have occupied them. The trea-

chery of Harry Blew; him so much confided in; with the singular fact of the whole crew having taken part in the hellish deed. Not one man honest—none faithful!

They have not dwelt much on this; nor aught else connected with motives or causes. They have been too much absorbed by the effect, taking counsel as to their chance of es-And this only in the earlier days, and indeed

only the earlier hours. Ere a day and night had elapsed, they knew there was no hope, and

voices, at intervals calling aloud; to hear responses in a similar strain—the cries of the cook him to the death. in his caboose. As he came not, they could but "When this wa conclude that he, like themselves, was confined, fast bound beyond the power of releasing him-

Then, long spells of silence-mute, motionless despair, with heads drooped, and chins touching their breasts.

Now and then Don Gregorio raising his eyes to look out upon the sea visible to him, as he sat facing the cabin windows. Sometimes gazing for an hour upon the blue expanse and the white froth cast up by the barque's keel, stringing far astern. Seeing now and then the spout of a *cachalot*, a "school" of bounding porpoises, or the flapping wings of a bird.

Once seeing what caused him to start, cry out, and writhe in his ropes. A ship in full sail crossing the barque's wake, scarce a cable's

Hearing also a hail, to which he and Lautanas responded in their strongest voice, far too

feeble. Repeating their responses for nearly an hour afterward, till hope again forsook them, and they sink back to their habitual despair. Nothing after, save the gibbering of the ourangs, that they know to be loose, scampering What would they not give to be again in her, says that they know to be loose, scampering she still sailing! Most of them believe that over the deck, at times coming down the cabin she has gone to the bottom of the sea, and now stair, and dashing their uncouth form against It is the morning of the seventh day, and

Don Gregorio has lost all hope of help from man. It has long since left Lautanas, who sits without speaking a word, his eyes closed, his head lolling back, supported by the top rail of the chair. But for the occasional twitching of his features one might believe him dead, so pale his cheeks, so white his lips, so wan and wasted

But if Don Gregorio has lost hope of help from man, he still has faith in GOD—in heaven. Hence his appeal to the Virgin in the terms recorded. It is not the first time he has made t-not by scores; and again, as if mechanical-y, but with unabated fervor, he repeats it. "Virgin! Holy Virgin! come to our aid! Mother of God, have mercy!"

All at once, as if startled from a dream, Lautanas raises his head, crying out:
"Virgin! there is no Virgin, no Mother of

God. no God either! no mercy!"
"Don't speak in that way," remonstrates the Spaniard, his Christian sense shocked at the other's profanity. Then reproachfully looking across the table, he continues: "You know,

dear Antonio, there is a God, and a God's mother—the Holy Mary, who has mercy."

"Where is she?" interrupts the Chilian.

"Where is this Mother of God? Where her mercy? I'm hungry and want to eat, why don't she provide me with food? I'm thirsty and want drink, why don't she give it? Ah yes; there it is; both food and drink; plenty of plates and dishes, plenty of jugs and bottles, all full, all beautiful! What of that? And what of your merciful Mary? If she had a spark of it she'd not let these devils hold my hands and hinder me from getting at the good things. There's a legion of the devils, surely his good Virgin can command them? don't she do it, and cast them out? She has plenty of angels-why don't she order them to lo it? Then we might eat, drink and be merry -now we can't-I can't. They've got hold of my hands, their claws clutching my throat.

Ach! they are choking me. Take them off!"
"Don Antonio!" "Take them off-off-off! Tell your Virgin, your good Virgin, to make her angels release

"Don Antonio!"

"No, they won't, nor she won't; the Mother of God won't; nor God himself."

"Dear Captain Lautanas!"
"Ha—ha—ha! Look at those fierds! see how they glance and sparkle! You call them decanters? They're not that; they're demons decanters? They're not that; they're demons, demigods! And those black fellows! Bottles indeed! They are imps-ugly imps! for all that! Ha-ha-ha! How they how they dance! and without music Where's my old cook? He can play both fiddle and banjo. Come, old Zanzibar! bring your instruments along! And where are my pets—the wild men of Borneo? They can dance too, kick up their heels like Terpsichore Come down from the deck you redhaired Bayaderes! Come and show us a step to beat all these devils and demigods. They'll

lo it. They'll do it; ha—ha—ha!"
"Oh, God!" groans Don Gregorio, "Lautanas
has lost his reason!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 172.)

Jack Winthrop's Boast.

BY MARK WILTON.

"In all my long years' experience on the south-west border," Jeb Washburn said, "I have never met with another man just like Jack Winthrop. I first en countered him during the Mexican war, when he, a life-long hunter and free-trapper, came into Taylor's army, and pined the company of which I was a member "Our company was composed entirely of those dauntless Texan rangers, whose names have become famous; but in all the organiza-tion there was not one like Jack Winthrop. We had been born and brought up on the wid spreading Texan prairie; had met the wild In-dian, and every wild beast that ranges between the Mississippi and the Rockies face to face, and were afraid of nothing human; but with all our readiness to meet any one in persona encounter, we were not long in acknowledging

our inferiority to Jack Winthrop.

"Tall and rather slim, he could not have weighed over a hundred and sixty, but in his long arms and sinewy frame lurked the strength of the grizzly bear. Then, too, be was as quick of motion as the panther, and, seemingly, as tenacious of life.

"But enough of this, lads; I will to my story. Success crowned the mighty efforts of the invading army, and the Greasers were slowly but surely driven from one stronghold to another. At length we held a considerable number of them, besieged in a certain city, which, for reasons of my own, shall be here nameless. We outnumbered them three to one, but

they had the advantage of us in having strong walls to defend them : so we were obliged to their town.
"Thus, with occasional skirmishes, time

passed on, and the Mexicans still held out with dogged resolution. We all fretted at this inactivity, and Jack Winthrop in particular, who was fiery and impatient, worked himself up into a towering passion.
"We who knew him best were not at all sur-

prised when it was noised through the army besieged. It was sent in his own handwriting, with remarkable spelling, and was to this ef fect: Announcing his contempt for the whole Mexican nation, he declared that he could whip gave up speaking, almost thinking of it.

any three men in the city. He then dared any

"Ah! then we knew what a triumph our champion had achieved; for few men of that

house near the outside of the city, and fight

"When this was generally known, there was a universal curiosity to know whether the challenge would be accepted; that there were three men in the city brave enough to fight a single person, even though that person be a man as famous as Jack Winthrop, we did not doubt, but the question was whether they

would engage in so irregular an action or not, "I hope the white-livered dogs won't,' said old Bill Wicklow, 'fur you'll get whipped, shore Jack !' By the soul of Daniel Boone!' swore Jack

Winthrop, 'I hope they will! The Greaser ain't borned yit thet kin make Jack Winthrop pass in his checks.' "'Don't be too shore, boyee. Ef them chaps send out a passel of fellers to meet ye, they won't be no coyotes, they won't, but reg'lar

"'Snorters or coyotes, it don't matter to Jack Winthrop,' cried the brave fellow, 'Here's as kin whip any three, or five, or ten Greasers in all Mexico. Whoop! the bullet old Jack. You'll see them three fellers chawel up in a shake!'

And with this oft-repeated boast Jack Win throp awaited the answer to his challenge. It soon came. The three Mexicans were to meet the one Texan in the deserted building, and

fight him to the death. "The building stood all alone between the hostile forces, now somewhat battered by shot and shell, and in such a position that no one could approach it on either side without being seen on the other; therefore it was agreed that Jack should be accompanied to the building by ten of his companions, while an equal number of Greasers should accompany their cham-

"The day on which the trial was to take place dawned fair and clear; and at the ap-pointed hour the two parties left their respecive armies, and proceeded to the place of trial I had been chosen as one of ten to go with Jack, and I went with the full resolve to see justice done our gallant but rash countryman.
"The Mexicans were quiet, determined-look

ing fellows; and, indeed, it was noticeable throughout all the tragical proceeding that every one was quiet and subdued—even Jack Winthrop dropping his usual braggart manner.
"Lieut. Neil Duncan had been appointed to arrange affairs on our side, while his co-laborer was a Lieut. Jose Zuan; and both men showed their keenness in conducting the various points.

was a goodly-sized apartment, with but one door, the windows being high up, yet so large as to give the room proper light. After a long and amicable consultation, the

"We all entered the building together, and

the room for the trial was soon selected. It

two leaders agreed upon the following line of "In the first place every weapon in the party was to be laid in an empty room, after which the door was to be locked and the key thrown away. This rule excepted one bowie-knife for each of the combatants. Then the four men were to be locked in the room of trial; after which their friends were to go into the room directly over head, and watch the fight through

small holes which were to be opened in the floor, large enough for that purpose, but too small for any one to descend to their aid." Here the animated narrator was interrupted by a loud shout of laughter from his hearers-

for the men gathered around him were as little

romantic as trappers are apt to be.
"Well, what now?" he asked. "Ain't you drawin' that a leetle strong, Jeb Washburne?" asked Billy Forbes. "The idee of you chaps goin' up overhead and peekin' down through is peculiar, to say the least."
"Yet it is true. What better could we do? The idea may seem ridiculous, but it was really a good way. But I beg of you," added the speaker, with a wave of his white hand, "not

"Well, the men were locked in, and then we went above as agreed upon. There were two large cracks in the floor, and besides these we had with the aid of a saw made several other openings in the tough plank, which was so strongly built that it was plain no one, how ever he might be disposed to help a friend below, could tear up the boards.

"Anxiously we surveyed the four men below Jack Winthrop had taken his stand in one corner, and was coolly engaged in picking his teeth with his long knife, as calm as an ice

'I looked closely at the three Mexicans. Two of them were about the size of Winthrop, dark, sinewy fellows; but the third was the one whom I surveyed the most auxiously. He was a remarkably small and quiet man, but with the grace and quickness of the American panther. The Greasers had drawn their knives and calmly awaited the word for the beginning of the fight.

It came! "Quickly, side by side, the Greasers advanced to meet our hero, who plainly would not stir from his corner, and soon the clash of steel resounded throughout the room.

"Jack acted on the defensive. Lavane, the small man, attacked him in front, while his assistants supported him on either flank. "Clash! clash! clash! Had those brave men been as excited as were we above, they could not have fought as they did. Lavane was a splendid swordsman, while his friends were no children; and cool, brave Jack Winthrop

"Ha! a shout comes from the Americans above. Gallant Jack, with a remarkable display of skill, had succeeded in getting a homethrust at one of the greasers, and the fellow

went down, with a knife-wound in his heart. "Well, boys, you are getting tired; I will be brief. In ten minutes more the second Mexican went down, and now only one man, Lavane,

was left to oppose Jack.
"The small Mexican now changed his sword to his left hand, and a simultaneous groan arose from each of Jack Winthrop's friends. A few rapid passes showed us that Lavane was a natural left-handed swordsman, and we gave our friend up for lost.

"The greasers were triumphant, venting their satisfaction freely, but Jack Winthrop remained calm. The blood was pouring from a score of wounds, but he fought on. And successfulsettle down to a long siege. Many of our larg-est guns were in the rear, and we had to wait for them to come up; and even when they had to the floor. Jack, covered with blood, also arrived, it was no small task to batter down sunk down; and, thinking them both dead, we descended. Then Jack raised his head feebly,

and faintly exclaimed: "'I've made good my boast! Tell the Greasers I'll fight their whole army." With these words he fell back insensible, while the Mexican lieutenant gravely said:

'We shall risk no more men against your Texan panther. He has slain the best swordsman in our army!"
"'Who?—Captain Lavane? I have never heard of him before, said Duncan.
"'Such was not his real name. Our unfor-

tunate friend was none other than Colonel Mion!' exclaimed Zuan.

Greasers removing their dead to the city, and we carrying Jack Winthrop back to our army, where he was ever after the especial favorite and hero. For he recovered, despite his many wounds, and still lives, a noble specimen of the Western hunter and free trapper."

Miss Everett's Hero.

A SKETCH OF NEWPORT BEACH.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

THE Sans Souci, of the N. Y. Yachting Squadron, gracefully rounded to and dropped anchor just inside the commodore's yacht. having fired a gun, which was promptly responded to by a dozen or more yachts lying all about her, she quickly folded her white wings for the night, and her people, forward and aft, piped down below for supper. At seven o'clock Mr. Fred St. John, commander of the sans Souci (when a certain young lady was not Sans Souci (when a certain young lady was not on board), came on deck and called for his gig. He stood at the rail for some moments after the boat was ready, thoughtfully pulling on his gloves. He had changed his yachting costume for an evening dress and looked decidedly stylish and handsome, a fact of which he, conceited fellow, was quite as well aware as anybody. Indeed, so self-satisfied was he that he bestowed an unusually large "drinking fund" upon his boat's crew as he stepped ashore; and they went off up Thames street to squander it, while he sauntered over toward the Ocean House to call on Miss Kate Everett.

A word in regard to this lady. She was in all respects the "girl we kneel to," handsome, well-bred, accomplished and wealthy. When she drove her phaeton along the avenue, all the male swells admired her beauty, all the female swells envied her dress, and all the horse-jockeys, male and female, wished they could hold the reins as she did. Lovers in count-less numbers cast themselves at her beautiful feet; but Miss Everett was fastidious and refused them, one and all. Indeed, this was her fault, that she was too high-toned in her notions. She thought men nowadays served tolerably well as gallants, but that few of them were created for husbands. She had killed a great deal of time by novel reading, and like many another girl intent of board. and, like many another girl just out of boarding-school, had some ridiculous ideas about heroes. Once, three or four weeks before this story opens, St. John had prevailed upon her to take a week's cruise in his yacht; and one sentimental night, before either of them knew sentimental night, before either of them knew what he was about, he had proposed to her. As soon as she found he was in earnest, she became genuinely angry. "I am very grateful for the honor you do me, Mr. St. John," she said, coldly, "but I beg of you not to mention the subject again." St. John, much chagrined, begged her pardon and got over it as best he could. By exercising a good deal of tact and circumspection he was fortunate enough to retain her esteem, and the two remained good friends. mained good friends.

When the commander of the Sans Souci arrived at the Ocean House, he was invited to become number thirteen of a party seated on become number thirteen of a party seated on the hotel piazza, of which party Miss Everett was number one. The topic of conversation happened to be that lady's favorite theme, "heroism;" and she herself, quite contrary to her habit, was taking a leading part in the discussion. She had just mentioned an incident then going the rounds of the papers; it is quite probable our readers remember it. A rowing party on one of the Great Lakes had gone too far from shore, and the wind rising suddenly, they found the water too rough for them. It was absolutely certain that, loaded as she was, the boat must swamp in a very few she was, the boat must swamp in a very few

The situation was appalling; but there was one on board who was equal to it. The steers man knew that with one less occupant the boat could live. Without a moment's hesitation he announced his intention of quitting her. No with the hope of reaching the shore, though. Darkness was coming on, and full well he knew that to leave the boat was certain destruction. Yet to stay was also death not only for himself but for them all. And so, in spite of a few feeble remonstrances from his companions, he plunged into the waves, and, without a single backward look, swam steadily away into the hereafter. Ah, to think of it! Many a man has been immortalized for a deed less noble. But the world has grown so busy and selfish that acts of the purest heroism are soonest for

Yet who shall say but that the spirit of that young hero hovered near and was well pleased that so beautiful a being as Kate Everett should tell his story with tears in her pitying eyes.

"Alas!" she cried, forgetful quite of her audience, "that earth must lose such a soul to gain even so grand an example. Oh, that I could know such a man as that! I think I could love him; but, indeed," she added, bitter-

ly, "they are not to be found in my sphere."
Then she stopped all at once, blushing at her own warmth, as she caught the eye of Fred St. John fixed upon her in mute admiration. She froze immediately and said scarcely two words more the whole evening

As for St. John, what she had uttered rung his ears all the way down to Long Wharf. He was one of whom the world thought no more than of the majority of its young aristo crats; but the reader must take our word for i that, though pleasure had always been his chief object in life, he was at bottom a man. As he crawled into his berth that night-he was too thorough a sailor to sleep away from his vessel—he still repeated to himself those enthusiastic words of Miss Everett; and his last audible mutterings were: "By George! I'm not sure but I'd do as much myself to call a look like that to her face again."

The Sans Souci still lingered at Newport The rest of the squadron came and went, sailed races to and fro to Block Island and down the Sound; but the Sans Souci rarely joined them. Her anchor must remain down so long as her owner's heart was so firmly anchored at the Ocean House. Thus St. John was not only miserable himself, but made his whole ship's company so by keeping them idle. He thought his passion incurable, and rejected the only

means of curing it—the excitement of going to One evening as he was wandering about town, thoroughly dissatisfied with every thing and everybody in the world except Miss Everett, he found himself, as usual, drawing near her hotel. From her uncle he learned that she was

"Some new piece of feminine folly," said the old gentleman, crustily. "They're all gone down to the beach for a moonlight bath in the surf. Idiots! They'll all come home drowned some day, and then they'll wish they'd minded

So, like a piece of steel after its magnet, Fred strolled down toward the beach and stood for a long time in the shadow watching the bathers. The scene was a beautiful one, well worthy of

day were so famous as swordsmen as Colonel Mion.

"We parted with courteous farewells—the Greasers removing their dead to the city, and we carrying Jack Winthrop back to our army, where he was ever after the especial favorite into the sea. A stiff breeze from the south sent army for the receivement where the color of the color o into the sea. A stiff breeze from the south sent great monsters of waves thundering in to shore, and as they felt the bottom beneath them, each one seemed to trip, and, for just a moment rearing its crested head on high, all glittering with jewels, then cast itself headlong toward the beach, spreading in gorgeous ruin over the sand. The bathers were all ladies, and most of them timidly remained near shore; but further them timidly remained near shore; but further out, where the water was almost beyond their depth, our hero could see a few bolder swim-

depth, our hero could see a few bolder swimmers, and among them a certain scarlet suit, which he knew so well. He forgot all the rest and kept his eyes fixed upon Miss Everett.

Presently he saw her raise herself and face seaward, as if waiting for a wave; and looking out himself, he saw a splendid white cap rolling in; but, half-emerging from its crest, was something she evidently did not see—a heavy boat, bottom upward, drifting straight upon her. St. John caught the reflected ray of the moon upon the keel as it turned for an instant and then buried itself in the water. What if it should strike her? He half-shouted aloud, in his anxiety. She, too, seemed to see it, at least, she dove deep beneath the wave. He watched eagerly for her beyond. A minute passed and she did not reappear. He was certain of it now. The boat had stunned her and she was already lost. With a great cry he flew toward the water, tearing off his coat as he ran. The bathers shrieked to see a form dash by them like a madman; but he heeded them not. Out, forther out he struckles water to his wright. like a madman; but he heeded them not. further out, he struggles—up to his waist—up to his arm-pits—up to his chin. Now he is swimming just where she went down. He reared his head above the waves. Oh, for a sight of only the ribbon of her hat to guide him, but he saw nothing. He called her name piteously aloud; nothing replied, but a big wave dashed insolently in his face and filled him with terrible despair.

terrible despair. Something touched his foot; it could not be the bottom, and there were no rocks there. He gave a frantic yell and dove deep down, grasping wildly as he went. Something swept across his face, and biting at it instinctively, his teeth closed upon—a woman's hair. It was she! He knew it and swam swiftly to the surface with both hands free, dragging her with his teeth. He put one arm around her neck, supported her insensible form thus for a single moment, and then with little effort—for he was a powerful swimmer—he bore her shoreward a powerful swimmer—he bore her shoreward on the breast of an inbound wave.

on the breast of an inbound wave.

He carried her quickly toward a bathinghouse; then tenderly laying her down, and seeing there were plenty of friends to care for her,
acting upon a sudden impulse, he snatched up
his coat and hurried away unrecognized.

As he climbed the side of the Sans Souci, he
was surprised to find something in his hand.

His finears were tightly closed over a tiny lock.

His fingers were tightly closed over a tiny lock et, with no chain or ribbon attached. How did it come in his hand?

Next day the town was ringing with stories of Miss Everett's accident; and everybody spoke in praise of her unknown preserver. Calling at the hotel, St. John found her not seriously ill, but much shaken and weakened by her mishap. He went away without seeing her, but two evenings after he was admitted and found her alone. She was full of her beach adventure, and spoke in warmest terms of him to whom she owed her life.
"Pooh!" said St. John; "anybody would

have waded out into the surf to save a lady. There was no danger to him."

Miss Everett raised her head majestically and

Miss Everett raised her head majestically and turned red as fire with indignation. She looked at the matter in another light. This was her first and perhaps her only chance of having a hero all her own; and she was by no means disposed to let it slip. "Why do you talk like that?" she cried, angrily. "It was a noble deed; and whoever he was, I love him for it. I am quite certain none of you valiant yachtsmen would have dared as much. Oh, if I could

only find him, I would do any thing for him."
"Is there no clue to him?" asked St. John, naturally much interested in the conversation "No; and that fact alone proves him no or-dinary person. Uncle has offered a large re-ward, which he has only to come forward and claim. Yet, instead of that he discouns his heroic deed altogether. Oh, I wonder who he

"It must have been some one who had been watching you," suggested St. John, sagacious-

"And that proves that it was some one in love with you," he went on, without heeding

her question.
"Oh, do you think so?" and the superb Miss Everett was silly enough to blush with gratification. You see she was very much indeed in

"Yes," St. John went on, oracularly; " and I think I can put my finger on him this mi-"Oh, do !" cried she, looking affectionately at the finger he proposed to put on him.

I will on one condition.'

" Name it." "That you will help me find an owner to

this," and he held up the locket. Miss Everett screamed in astonishment. Why, where did you get that ?" she cried I lost it myself several days ago."

Do you remember where "No; where did you find it?"

"Why," says Fred, magnificently, "I was slightly confused t the time; but to the best of my knowledge and belief, I took it from a ady's neck, about half-past eight o'clock last Tuesday evening."
Miss Everett screamed again. She saw it all

She regarded him with glistening eyes for a full minute, quite unable to speak.
"Well," said he, calmly enduring this scru

tiny; "are you disappointed to find that your hero is only a poor yachtsman, after all?" "Oh, forgive me," she said, imploringly, and in an instant her head was on his shoulder, and

she was crying softly.

The wretch was base enough to follow up his advantage. "Didn't you say you could love the man who saved you?" he asked, slyly, and she answered nothing at all; but her beautiful little hand stole into his, and nestled there in a manner that showed its perfect willingness to remain forever and ever.

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UNDER THE GAS-LIGHT.

BY ST. ELMO.

Under the gas-light pale and cold
Lies a maiden of mortal mold,
Amid her hair the frosty gems
Sparkle like silver diadems,
And the soft, pure, feathery snow,
Floats down beneath the gas-light's glow,
Strouding the prostrate form in white,
Hiding it from the passers' sight.

Poor outcast from a happy home.
Caring not where your footsteps roam,
Masking beneath the brightest smiles
The sacness that your heart begniles;
Walking the street with weary feet.
Scorned by the passers whom you meet,
What care they for the life of sin
Your saddened heart has wandered in?

Once you were fair and pure as those, You now can count amid your foes, But in an evil hour you fell, Because, alas, you loved too well. Ever it is, the same old tale, Hidden behind a ganzy vail, Unfil the pale, worn, trusting heart Offers her charms within the mart.

Under the gas light's marble glare
Next morn they found this maiden fair,
Never a friend to weep and pray
For her whose feet were led astray;
Never a tear upon her bier,
No friend or kindred gathered near,
"Only a stranger!" nothing more,
The marble slab in coldness bore.

How the Burglars were Taken

den thought struck me:

"Johnson, don't you ever have any exciting adventures in your line of business? Tell us a story of your experience, will you?"

My friend laughed, and, fixing his keen gray eyes upon my face, answered, musingly:

"Exciting adventure? Hum—yes—I suppose they would be called so. There are a good many occurrences that I might relate, but I don't generally care to speak of them; however, as it is you, Reade, I will tell you of a curious capture that I made a few weeks ago—on one condition."

Name it. "That if I break off suddenly in the middle of my story you will not be displeased."

I knew he had some good reason for his pro-

riso, so I said:
"Certainly not. I accept the condition."
"Last spring" he began, "I had occasion to track a noted burglar from our city to Chicago, track a noted burglar from our city to Chicago, and back, but I didn't catch him after all. I almost had the clutches of the law upon him several times, but I think he must have got wind that he was pursued, for he did a number of shrewd things, and assumed a number of strange disguises, which baffled my every attempt. Still I determined he should not elude me by any mere subterfuge, and, though many times thrown off the trail, I entered B— a few hours after the fellow himself. I don't think he suspected he could be followed so closely, for he grew careless and soon I knew think he suspected he could be followed so closely, for he grew careless and soon I knew his whereabouts. I knew the man personally. We were long acquainted before I discovered his character, for he was a person of education, and in his deportment a perfect gentleman. A man whom you never would suspect to be guilty of the crime which had disgraced his career.

"Well, as I said, I found out where he was, and about nine o'clock one moonlight night, detective Davis and myself, disguised, went in quarter of the city that we expected to find him, but he was not there. We made a search, but our el had once more slipped through our fingers, Foiled again, we turned our steps homeward. We parted at the corner, and I was proceeding up through the business streets alone, when, passing the door of a flashy saloon, I was surprised to hear the sound of a familiar voice. was my man earnestly engaged in conversation with another fellow of the same class. It was not discreet to take him just there, so, trusting to my disguise, I entered the place. There was a crowd around the bar, eating and drinking. They stopped their loud talking and laughing for a moment to gaze at me as I en-tered, and immediately resumed their hilarity. By and by the two came in from the doorway vent into one of the curtained recesses and or dered oysters. Their earnest conversation had the effect of rousing my curiosity, and here was an opportunity to learn what new mischief was an opportunity to learn what new mischler, was brewing. I bought some little things, a doughnut or two, and left the saloon. Between this building and the next there was a passage way about four feet wide. Into this I went and reached the window of the stall where the burglars were. It was a warm evening in the last of May, and the window was open. I crouched down and listened, and recognized the deep bass voice of my criminal in a mo-

"What I learned that night surprised and astounded me, and I don't need to tell you all, to tell you what has a bearing on this case They were indeed plotting mischief. However, I discovered, among other things, that they were going to Nova Scotia and Canada to join a gang of thieves, that my gentleman was the leading spirit, and that a wealthy city in Northren Massachusetts was also to be a scene of their depredations, where the whole gang would ppear. I learned the whole plan, the whole ethod of procedure, before I left the spot. This question then presented itself to me: Would it not be better to let this fellow alone for the present, and, by so doing, capture the whole band?' I thought it would, and, not-

once to S—, the city which they proposed to visit. I had many acquaintances in this place, and, without telling my object, I gave a description of my man to several whom I knew I could trust. I also notified the police to look out for him about the first of September. I directed each of these persons to telegraph me a brief message if they should see a man who answered the description. Still I was afraid he would disguise himself and foil me again.

and signature, contained just one word-'Come.' I was surprised at this and rather provoked, for I felt sure my friend had made a mistake. I had expected no such message until September, and I intended to remain in S—during the greater part of that month and watch myself. I concluded to go, however, more because I had been sent for than because him.' I had any hopes of success. The friend who sent me the message was a keeper of an eating house, a prompt, houest man, with a brisk, as he rose from his seat and walked toward him.

keen way about him that I had always admired. I had thought him very observant, but I jumped to the conclusion that he had been fooled this time. I reached S—early that afternoon and went at once to the saloon of my friend.

"'Well, what's the news, Jim?' said I, as I entered.

entered.

"'I've seen your man,' said he, positively.

"'Sure?' I asked, increduously.

"'I'm sure he answered your description.

I've watched for him every day.'

"'Tell me what you know,' said I. 'What kind of a looking man was he?'

"'He was tall, good-looking, well-dressed, had a slight scar over the left eye, a splendid bass voice, and appeared like a perfect gentleman.'

"'Good! that's him,' said I, exultingly.
'Did he want to put a patent sprin on your

door? "That's just exactly what he wanted to do. He came in at noon, walked up and asked me if I was the proprietor. I told him I was. Then he wanted to know if he couldn't sell me one of the best door springs ever invented. I told him I didn't think I needed one, and I noticed that he didn't urge me much. He said he told him I didn't think I needed one, and I noticed that he didn't urge me much. He said he should call around again by next spring, and perhaps I'd want one then. He got his dinner, paid for it, and departed, and appeared like a gentleman, as I said before. Now, Johnson, what do you want him for? What's he been doing? Will you tell me? "Feeling sure that I could trust the man, I told him in a few brief words what I have told you, and this besides: that the gang were in-

BY READE H. MARBLE.

We were on the railroad train, Johnson and I, rushing west at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Johnson was a detective, and he and I had known each other from boyhood. We talked over our school days as we sat on the seat together; we discussed the crops; we targued the moral, social, intellectual and political questions of the day; we speculated on the weather; we brought forth every subject we could think of until, at last, there came a lull in the conversation. Then I said, as a sudden thought struck me:

"Johnson, don't you ever have any exciting adventures in your line of business? Tell us a story of your experience, will you?"

My friend laughed, and, fixing his keen gray eyes upon my face, answered, musingly:

"Exciting adventure? Hum—yes—I suppose they would be called so. There are a good many occurrences that I might relate but men I wanted but they come not. I was fest men I colld lim in a few brief words what I have told you, and this besides: that the gang were intending to rob three banks in this city, all in one night; that the 'gentleman' of the party with his door-springs went ahead to examine the doors and fastenings and take the impression of the keyholes; in short, to make the way clear for the rest of the party.

"I now went directly to the banks and found that my enterprising thief had his springs on the inner doors of all. On inquiry I learned that he had put them on without compensation, for a month's trial. I thought the bank officials pretty green, for they didn't have an idea that any thing was wrong, and I took pains not to excite any such. The fellow had been to nearly all the principal stores in the city, but this was only to allay suspicion. I notified the police of the whole plot and they promised to be on hand when I wanted them.

"I stopped three weeks in this city, all in one night; that the 'gentleman' of the party with his door-springs went ahead to examine the door-springs went ahead to examine the door-springs and take the impression of the keyholes; in

around the depots, hoping to get a sight of the men I wanted, but they came not. I was fast getting discouraged, when one afternoon I saw a familiar face at the car window as a train from the East rolled into the station. I had seen it but once before, and that in the evenseen it but once before, and that in the evening, but I knew it immediately. It was the face of one of the plotters whom I had overheard in the saloon. It was not the 'chief,' however. He left the train and I followed him up the street. When he got opposite the City Bank, he stopped. I did the same. He took a long look, and then walked on to he Independence. I followed. Then he went to the Orient and then backward and forward all the Orient, and then backward and forward al the Orient, and then backward and forward all the afternoon, with me following behind. This man was a 'spotter,' I knew, but his precise object I couldn't surmise. I determined to arrest him and use him against the others if I could. I went up behind him, quietly, and laid my hand upon his arm.

"'You are my prisoner,' I said, sharply.

"The man turned with a scornful laugh.

'What do you charge me with?' he sneeringly said. 'Perhaps you mistake your man.'

"'There is no mistake,' said I; 'you will come with me.'

"What do you charge me with?' he repeat-

"' What do you charge me with?' he repeat-

ed, with an oath.
"'I'll tell you what,' said I, drawing my revolver as I saw a threatening demonstration on his part; 'with an intended robbery in this city and with crimes committed in Canada. Make any resistance, or attempt to escape, and you're a dead man.'
"A frightened look came over his counte-

about to faint. I took advantage of this momentary agitation to slip a pair of 'bracelets' onto his wrists. He soon recovered himself, the crimson tide came back into his face, and he said, in a husky voice: "'I have been betrayed, but they shall suffer

"I was willing he should think his friends had been false, so I didn't undeceive him. I led him to the station-house, where he was safely lodged for the night. There I left him for some hours. When I came back, he was bending forward, his head resting on his hands,

apparently in great distress of mind. He was young, and I felt rather sorry for him.
"'I have come,' said I, 'to give you a chance. We know all about your gang. know your leader very well. We understand the door-spring game perfectly. We shall probably have all of them very soon; it depends upon you how soon. Now, if you want a chance for revenge, you can have it and serve yourself, too. You are young, and it is hard to spend thirty years of life in a prison. I will use my influence for you, if you will help me.

"To make a long story short, after much persuasion and many threats, and after copious ap peals to his selfishness and suspiciousness, h confessed all. He gave me information that led, two nights afterward, to the arrest of ten as desperate villains as there is in Massachusetts. We had a hard tussle, and had to shoot one fellow before we captured them; but we took them three or four at a time, in different parts of the city, so that made the matter easier. But Haldeman, the man I had wanted so

long, the gentlemanly leader, was once more lucky enough to make his escape. The bank folks raised a thousand dollars for me, in consideration of my services, and I made friend Jim a present of a gold watch for his valuable assistance. The criminals will all get a heavy sentence but the one who confessed. I shall make another thousand when I capture Haldeman, and so shall get handsomely paid for my

"Have you not given up hope of ever getting withstanding the large amount offered for his arrest, I resolved to keep my own secret and let him depart in peace. him?" I inquired, as Johnson finished his story.

"No, sir; I guess not," replied he. "To tell you the truth, Reade," said he, lowering his the city which they proposed to took passage woice, "I expect to take min this train at some country station. That's why I told you I might break off my story suddenly. That's why I'm traveling on this train at all. The conductor is looking out for the other cars and I'm watch-

ing this myself."
We rode on for a time in silence, I pondering over the strange story of my friend, which wa to have such a wonderful sequel, he with hat pulled over his eyes, apparently asleep. The train stopped at several way-stations and "One day in the latter part of August I received a telegram, which, besides the address appeared to take no notice of this fact. By and by he bent over to me and asked quietly

"Reade, do you see that fine-looking man at the further end of the car?" "That clerical-looking gentleman do you

mean, with the book in his hand?" "The same! Well, he's the fellow I want he got in at the last station. I've got to arrest

" Not that noble looking man, surely," said I "The very one!" he answered, with a smile

My friend laid his hand on the man's shoul-My friend laid his hand on the man's shoulder and said something. The villain sprung quickly to his feet and tried to pull out a pistol, but Johnson sprung upon him like a tiger. The conductor came in just here, and both together they overpowered the rascal.

When the train stopped at the next station, I saw Johnson leading the fellow, handcuffed, from the train.

from the train.

Some time after this I learned by the newspapers that the whole gang were convicted, and my cool friend, the detective, had made auother thousand dollars.

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A SORROWFUL LEERIC.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

The late Phobe Cary was somewhat noted for the ridiculous play upon words that was a talent; she would pun, and travestie, and draw absurd analogies until the listener would forget to do any thing but laugh. But, we do not know that Phœbe, with all her wit, ever per petrated a more absurd and laughable grammatical burlesque than what our contributor here offers. It is a real

John Spriggins loved the widow Sue,
And for her hand he sued.
And prayed she'd be the widow, who'd
Resign her widowhood;
And all things for her sake ho'd do
That ever could be doed.

He said for her his heart did heave As it had never hove,
And if she did that heart deceive,
As it was ne'er desove,
He then would be compelled to grieve
As he had never grove.

He said his peace could not abide Away from her abode, His burning love he fain would hide, But it would not be hoed; It would through all the future glide As it had always glode.

Said he, "My dear, of you I think
As no man ever thank,
I think your eyes when they do blink
The best that ever blank;
They have the very sweetest wink
That ever yet was wank.

The brightest mouth I ever saw Or any man has sawn!
Those lips, oh, I would like to chaw
As lips were never chawn,
One kiss from them my soul would thaw
As it was never thawn."

He thought the songs that she would sing
Were never sweeter sung,
Such tears unto his eyes they'd bring
As ne'er before were brung,
And with a very costly ring
Her tender heart he rung.

By kindly praise he did contrive, And thought he had controve, To make his fond attentions thrive, But ab they never throve!

But ah, they never throve!
The day he looked for to arrive
Alas, it ne'er arrove! Another man came who could sling
More words than o'er were slang,
And from John Spriggins she took wing,
And with that other wang,
Cried John, "Alas, she does not cling!
I'm sorry that I clang."

His tender heart began to freeze, His fond affections froze, Heart-pains upon his life did seize, And on his bosom soze, And he began to weep and sneeze— Such sneezes ne'er were snoze.

His hair he then began to tear, And fearfully he tore, His breast was filled with worse despair

Than ever man dispore, And he began to rave and rear, And awfully he rore.

He bought some laudanum to drink, And quite a lot he drank, He doubled up, and one last blink Was all the blink he blunk. 'he sexton dug a six-foot chink And in John Spriggins chunk.

Strange Stories.

THE BLOODY DEER. A Legend of the Youth of Great King Alfred.

ETHELWOLF, King of England, departing to fight the Danes, who in the north had overthrown all opposition, intrusted young Prince Alfred, then but some sixteen years of age, to the care of Dunstan, the learned Abbot of Winchester.

Sorely the prince chafed that he was not allowed to join his father in the tented field, and stubbornly he repelled the teaching of the good

With hound and horse he sought the deer in the thickets near by to Winchester, and in a hunting excursion he chanced to meet with a buxom girl, known far and wide as the Lass of

She was an innkeeper's daughter and dwelt

with her parents, in Upton town. Shocked indeed was the good abbot when he learned that the boy who some day might be the occupant of the English throne, had been caught by the charms of an obscure village beauty; and in grave meditation he reflected how he should wean the young prince from the

Alfred, young and hot-headed, scorned the monkly lore of Dunstan, and enjoyed only the wild freedom of the chase, and the hours that he basked in the smiles of the village lass, whose vanity was greatly plumed because a

king's son knelt at her feet.

At the close of a chill October day, the good abbot summoned the young prince to his cell, and questioned him why it was that he neglected his studies, and disobeyed his father's com-

Briefly the prince made reply, that the son of England's king was born for a soldier, and not for a monk; that the trade of arms should be his, and not the study of the illuminated mis-sals—the treasure of Winchester Abbey; and since he could not at his father's side fight the Danes, then amid the wood he would hunt the swift deer and the fierce wild boar.

A bitter sigh came from the lips of the abbot. "Oh, young prince," he said, "do you not know that the sports of the chase are dangerous to your royal line? Since the time of Ru ric the Red, the Bloody Deer has ever been the harbinger of evil to thy house, and last night I am told the fearful shade was again seen roam-

ing through the forest near by."
"The Bloody Deer?" exclaimed the prince, in wonder; "and what manner of beast is

Know you not the legend of the blood-red deer ?" questioned the abbot, in surprise. "Never heard I aught of such a thing till now," the prince replied.

"Listen, then, to the tradition," the monk said, solemnly. "Seven generations back lived Ruric, son of Cerdic, the founder of our monarchy. Ruric was commonly termed "The Red," from his tawny beard and hair. In size he was a giant; in disposition cruel and over-Hunting once within our forest here, he met with good Bernard, then Abbot of Win-chester, who, with his train, was also intent upon killing the antiered stag. A fine fat buck roused from his covert by the attendants of the abbot, ran across the path of cruel Red Ruric; both parties followed in chase; the deer at bay fell, transfixed by two arrows; one shot by Red Ruric, the other by Abbot Bernard. Over the body of the deer a king's son and the low-ly follower of the blessed cross disputed. The deer belonged to the abbot by rights. 'Twas harbored in the forests of the abbey, and was first roused from its lair by the abbot's men. With many a fierce oath, Red Ruric swore that he would have the deer, whether by fair means or foul. The abbot, firm in his rightful claim, reproved the royal lord as roughly as though he had been but the meanest knave who followed in his train. The rough soldier-blood boiling in his veins, Red Ruric drew his sword and blew the abbot, even in holy ground; his had taken Dalton's eye.

Snaves, too, acting on his word, attacked the Before he had moved there came the rustle

followers of Bernard, and murdered all save those that escaped by flight."

of sweeping silks, a faint violet fragrance, and those that escaped by flight."

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helpless monk, even though the assassin was a king's son!" exclaimed Alfred in heat. "Ruric the Red knew no law save his own ruthless will," replied the abbot; "not only did he slay those that offended him in cold blood, but he married, against his father's will, a pea-sant maid, and then, tiring of her, cruelly deserted her, when affairs of state demanded that he should wed a princess.

Alfred changed color; the shaft had hit him fairly.
"But what has the Bloody Deer to do with the tale that thou hast told?" he asked, striving

to hide his confusion.
"Since the time of the abbot's untimely death, a bloody deer has been seen to haunt

the forest, and wise men say that the deer is the spirit of the murdered man; for as the ab-bot fell beneath the blows of stern Ruric, and lay weltering in his blood, he called down a most terrible curse upon Ruric and his followers, even to the seventh generation. And has the curse worked?" inquired Alfred, in great curiosity.

"Yes; one of each generation has been decoyed into the forest by this phantom deer and forever disappeared from the eyes of the world. In some secluded brake their bones have been found, proofs that they had perished by the power of the unquiet ghost of the murdered

The prince was silent for a time, pondering

over the story.

"Abbot, I doubt your tale!" he cried, at length; "no Bloody Deer have I seen within the forest, nor do I believe that one exists."

"The evidence of thine own eyes shall convince thee," replied the abbot, solemnly. "Tonight at the midnight hour hie with me unto

the forest. Perchance the deer will come, and then you will believe." "Agreed!" cried the prince; "and if the Bloody Deer comes not, why, abbot, thou art but a crafty fellow to think to scare me from

my way by the story of a specter deer.' At midnight, under a great oak tree, the abbot and the prince, alone, without followers, waited for the coming of the specter.

In his hand the prince bore his crossbow, determined to try a shot at the deer if he should come. The abbot bore his beads and a great and a great and a great should be a great a great and a great and a great should be a great and a great and a great and a great should be a great and a great and a great and a great should be a great and a great and a great should be a great and a great and a great and a great should be a great and a great and a great should be a

The abbot bore his beads and a cross. formed of wood brought from the Holy Land; his missal, too, was in his hand. Amply protected was he from the power of the agents of the Evil One.

The night was rough, the wind whistled among the trees, and the clouds scudded across the sky in wild confusion; the air was chill and nipped the watchers, even to the bone.
"It will soon come and we will hear the sounds of the chase behind it, although we two

are the only mortals near," said the abbot.
"A crew of phantoms follow the track of the deer?" the prince said

"Yes; even as Red Ruric and the hapless Bernard followed the fat buck that was des-"Specter though it may be, I'll try an arrow on the Bloody Deer if it comes within range, if my arm does not lose its power!" the prince exclaimed. Little fear had the heir to royalty

of the abbot's specter. Ere the two had waited twenty minutes be

neath the shade of the spreading oak, a fearful din rose on the air. There was the sound of baying hounds and the hunting-horn, and the crash of horses' hoofs, and then through the glade of the greenwood came a bounding The moon shone out as he crossed the open

pace and revealed a deer, red as blood from roof to horn Scarce within range was the terrible form but the undaunted prince let fly an arrow, and so true was his aim that it pierced the deer

through and through. With almost a human groan the buck came crashing down on its fore-legs and then rolled

over on its side, dead.

A minute after, prince and monk stood by the side of the stricken beast.

"No specter this, abbot!" cried Alfred, with a glance of reproach, "but a common deer

cunningly dyed, and by your order too, I think for this eve, after vespers, I read the chronicles of our house, and Cedric, the founder, ne'er had a son named Ruric. I understand your object, though, and will bargain with thee. Gain permission for me to join my father to fight the Danes and I will forget all unworthy

Dunstan got the prince his way, and after years proved that he forgot not his promise; nor the lesson taught by the Bloody Deer.

Two Women.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON

"Don't trust your eyes there, Dalton. The very Lucifer is in her."
"Then Lucifer never appeared in a fairer form. Who is she, did you say?"
"I did not say. Come away before you tempt the spell of the siren. She's worse than any Lurlie that ever sung."
"I may be young and susceptible, Val, but I am not an idiot, I believe. You've roused my curiosity regarding the golden-haired beauty. I think I shall strike an acquaintance on the

I think I shall strike an acquaintance on the pot, at any rate make the attempt. Come

sider me indebted hereafter."
"Not I," said Valentine May, doggedly
"Go to your own doom if you are determined." the very Satan is in you when you take that set. Don't say I haven't done my duty in

"You speak as though you might know how t is yourself, by Jove! Well, I forgive you, old fellow! A burnt child is apt to dread the

Dalton lounged in a south window, where the sunshine filtered over his hair, turning it to gold-bronze, his broad chest and stalwart shoulders carrying him in a crowd above and before most other men, a handsome young viking of this nineteenth century, whose smile "was the smile that the angels wear," whose twenty-eight years sat upon him without the addition of a serious care. Valentine May, more slight, less tall, dark, and with more fire under his still exterior than even Dalton ever suspected, stood straight and stiff just without, his eyes moodily following the other's gaze through the long hall, flooded with light, hung on every side with curtains of blue to subdue the glare, cumbered with easels, where long-haired artists, with velvet caps on their heads, were at work, and a white-bearded old veteran, who might have had the soul of a Titian, so great was the enthusiasm with which his eye kindled and his cheek flushed, directed their labors. Quite at the opposite end, with busy brush and absorbed to the exclusion of all passing incidents, with hair in one massive golden coil encircling her head, with a white hand, perfect as a model moving swiftly before the canvas, with the regular profile and contour of snowy throat occasionally presented, was the lady artist who

Miss Earnscliffe stood there.

"Mr. May! I was almost convinced that we had lost you, and 'Beatrice' the inspiring touch which is yet to turn the shadow to a lifetotich which is yet to turn the shadow to a life-like semblance. Mr. Dalton I had the pleasure of meeting at breakfast. Did I find you gazing at Lucia as I came up? Come and be introduced, if you wish. I am proud of my protege's genius, I assure you. You are coming?" Her glance was toward Valentine May. He bowed assent and followed in silence, as Miss Earnscliffe dropped her hand on Dalton's arm and swent with him up the long hall.

swept with him up the long hall.

Ralf a dozen pairs of eyes followed them, more than one half-audible sigh stirred the golden air. Student hearts are impressible as wax, and these pupils of Monsieur Laponte were the most visionary of students. Said one of the long-haired artists to his neighbor on the

"See our two Junos side by side. Which one is your passion, Verne?"
"Do you need to ask? The goddess of the

golden locks, who can compare with her? Eyes of the true Grenze blue, and profile of the purest Greek, every one must admit the Des-mond perfection unrivaled." So do not I, then. The other is like a

pearl. "'A pure, transparent, pale and radiant face," she is rightly named Marguerite. But"-with "she is engaged to Dalton, an arrangement de convenance at that. Such an end for

that magnificent creature!" It may cause us to smile sometimes, this dreamer's enthusiasm, but the sentiment itself s like a delicate, odorous vase, a thing of beauy, though so frail it may be shattered almost

by a breath. And meantime Lucia Desmond's eyes, Grenzeblue and gold-lashed, flashed their radiance on Dalton, the soft, white hand laid in his palm, and he, who had thrilled under the light pressure of Miss Earnscliffe's fingers, thrilled again under the electric influence of this touch

"Let me hope that Marguerite's friend may be my friend," said Dalton, as he bowed before her. "How singular that we never met before with such a common bond of sympathy between

A tiny red flame burned in the center of Miss Earnscliffe's usually pale cheeks, and the line of lip under Valentine May's jetty mustache grew hard and straight, and he was frozen instantly to twice his usual haughty coldness.
"Marguerite is so fortunate in her friends,

always with my poor self excepted, it is not strange I should be far removed from their cir-cle. Mr. May, who has a nearer approach to my view, will assure you of the perfect justice of the case You give me too much credit in supposing

I could comprehend your view, Miss Desmond."

Dalton fathomed the antagonism between the two in that single passage of words. could not resist the temptation, even with Marguerite at his side, to try his power where another had failed, though the other should be his dearest friend.

You can not refuse to be included in the little circle here. Do you take pupils in your art, Miss Desmond? I never was impressed before with so much of its attractiveness

"It would be a poor return of kindness to enter a rivalry with Monsieur Laponte," Lucia smiled. "I am purely selfish in my own devotion to it."

"You are progressing," said Miss Earns-cliffe's low, calm voice. "Your picture has grown, under your hand, with almost wonder-ful rapidity, Lucia."

"I am not satisfied with it. I came down here to paint the sea but the recognition." here to paint the sea, but the waves will not run, the winds will not curl, nor the sun-

shine dimple it here on the canvas."
"You long for more than mortal can attain." "Mademoiselle's touch is excellent," said the old Monsieur at their backs. "She has genius, she has talent. Mark me, she will succeed."
He was gone again, like a noiseless ghost, and

Miss Desmond dropped a curtain over her un-"Enough for to-day. Mr. May, did my coming frighten you from here? I learned yesterday for the first that the unmoving green

baize yonder was the sign of your stand. I can only plead ignorance as excuse if the pros-"Like the general class of Bohenians, I am indifferent to surroundings, Miss Desmond. I have scarcely been painting at all since I came here, but shall begin work in all earnestness to-

What are you at now, May? Have you it

"Only in outline. As I said, I have not yet been working. My 'Beatrice' has been sadly neglected." "For a Lucia?" asked Dalton, in an aside, "Never mind, old fellow.

"Tis better to have loved and lost, Than never to have loved at all."

There, don't scorch me with such a fiery eye. If you take chaffing so seriously, I shall know there is truth in my suspicion that the fair Des-

mond has thrown you over." After that those two were much together. May was good as his assertion; if he had lost time before, he made it up in the long mornings of steady work which followed. "Beatrice" grew under his brush, and wore the clear, pale

features, the deep dark eyes, the rippling hair of Marguerite Earnscliffe. "'Pon my word," said Dalton, lounging into the hall one morning before the students and other regular habitues of the place had appeared. You are not by any means backward in your appropriations. You will be willing to make the amende honorable by disposing of the picture to me, I presume. A fellow may be pardoned not liking the semblance of his intended put up for some other fellow's buying. Coming from you I can appreciate the delicate compliment, though I'd resent it from any other quarter."

'The picture is not for sale, Dalton."
'Come now, that's cool if it isn't pleasant." palette, and he faced about sternly.

encroachment of the claim which you see proper to violate every day? I never had another friend so near as you have been, Dalton; but if you show yourself the fickle poltroon your late conduct hints, if you prove faithless to Marany danger to a man except from corporeal guerite Earnscliffe now, all my old friendship substances—"" shall not prevent my exposing you in your pro

per light."
"Don't grow excited, Val. Who says I have any idea of being faithless? I'm willing to punch any fellow's head who may have been

"I speak from my own observation, It you are true to Miss Earnscliffe, you will cease the flirtation you have been carrying to a desperate length with Lucia Desmend. I tell you she means mischief by it, whatever you may "I kept gitting wuss an' wuss. I don't think thar is any mean thing I ever done in the control of the

"I pardon your interference for the sake of your motive, May; and I have no intention of breaking with Marguerite. That is satisfac-Miss Desmond herself entering by a near

loor, had drawn back into an ante-room, and listened to the latter part of their conversa-

pheles could make an appearance in this day, I would sell my soul to have my revenge on her." Mephistopheles may answer a call even in this day, though not in the shape he appeared

without her host. Dalton was no less gallant

than before, but it was diamond cut diamond with them two while she had made her mistake

in supposing him thoroughly earnest. The week went by and he had not broken with Miss Earnscliffe.

"She will marry him and be happy in spite

of me," thought Lucia Desmond, bitterly, watching their two forms, a little in advance of her,

cut against the red late sunset. "If Mephisto

Dalton waited for her on a little knoll as she advanced a moment later. He had chanced upon the two ladies during their evening stroll quite by accident. "Marguerite has gone on into the mill," he id. "Sorry I can't wait and go back with said. you, but I promised to meet Verne, and shall be late as it is."

He took out a cigar as he spoke and fumbled through his pockts impatiently.
"I've lost my match-box, and I must have

dropped it near here. No matter. I haven't time to look now. Good-night, Miss Des-mond."

Something surely had gone amiss with Dalton. It was not like him to be so abrupt; he was pale and constrained, but Miss Desmond saw nothing of this. Her eyes on the grass had caught a metallic glitter, knowing what it was at the very first. She waited until he was quite gone, and then stooped to recover the match-box he had dropped. The mill, a ruinous old building, dry as tinder in this summer weather, was but a few paces away. Lucia Desmond's set, demoniac face looked in for one moment, and then she withdrew shivering that warm evening. She had seen Marguerite at quite the further end of the mill at a window which overlooked the dry "race," twenty-five feet below. She drew back, not wavering even then, a horrible sense of guilty triumph come upon her and waited. She saw a little tongue of flame start up among the dry twigs and shavings which littered the decaying floor. She saw it rush with incredible rapidity, seizing the comoustible matter about; she saw what seemed to be the whole ruinous structure burst into an almost instantaneous blaze, and she heard a shrick which rung in her ears and haunted her years after when she was on her dying bed. She shrunk down, covering her eyes with her hands, waiting for the final crash.

Instead came the sound of flying steps; a shape rushed past her, and she started up to see Valentine May tearing away the burning poards with his naked hands, seizing a fallen beam and prying out the aperture he had made large enough for him to pass. The rotten wood gave way like paper before him, and he disap-peared in the midst of smoke and flame.

Other panting forms rushed close, Dalton and Verne among them, but she crouched in the grass, wet already with the falling dew, staring with a horrible fascination she could not break

at the burning pile.
She saw, without knowing how, Marguerite's unconscious form borne out through the very midst of the flame; she saw the whole mass totter and fall; saw May hurled forward and ie with deathlike face turned up under the lurid glow, a cruel mark upon the temple where a burning brand had struck him.

The cold horror which chained her broke nen. She threw herself forward on her knees at his side, dumb agony in her face, and Dalton seeing her so for the first time, read aright the secret of this woman's heart.

Hours later when it was known that Valentine May had not received his deathblow, Dalton faced her, his fingers like an iron manacle about her wrist when she strove to draw away 'That was no accident," he said, hoarsely. Why did you do it?"

"Because I hated her." The bitter malevoence in her tone still chilled him. "But for her I should have been where she is to-day. I was to have married her uncle, an old man with both feet in the grave, but she prevented it and was his heiress three months afterward. More she stole the heart of the only man I ever loved, and I would have married you to have my revenge if you had been any more flexible than you were. See what you escaped and be thank-

"Know what you have brought about," he "Marguerite dismissed me to-night up there by the mill; it was no fault of hers, poor girl! that we were bound at all. She and

May understand each other at last."
And in by the bedside of Valentine May, his hand in hers, Marguerite was whispering, "I never loved any one but you."

Rod and Rifle.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS."

V.-A FORTUNATE SHOT.

"You see thet cussid painter," said Old Ben -drawing the smoke through the long tube of his pipe in the enjoyable way which is only known to the "habitual smoker"—" and you see thet buck. Now, ef I wa'an't the luckiest man in fourteen counties, 'tain't no ways likely I'd be hyar yarning it, with them beauties a-layin' at my feet. Arter you went away, I sot hyar and smoked my pipe, listening to the dip of the paddle and laughing to think how cussid foolish Dan looked when he made his hole in the water, acause he didn't know thet 'dug-out' ain't quite so stiff on its bottom ez Noar's Ark. I smoked out two pipes full and your nurse, years ago. then, curi's as it may seem to you, I begun to git lonesome. An old hunter ain't off'n taken het way, boys, but when a narvous fit does take Valentine May's brush went down upon his alette, and he faced about sternly.

"What need you care for that or any other I got up an' walked up an' down the camp an' thort about it, an' the more I thort, the more

narvous I got. "Sez I to myself, 'Old man, ain't you lived long enuff in the woods to know that thar ain'

"Corporeal substances seems rather a neat hrase," said Harry, gravely. "I'll note it phrase,"

down. "Oh, shet up!" roared Old Ben. "I don't off'n use sech langidge an' you know it, Harry Viator. I guess I caught it from you. Do ye

my life thet I didn't think of while I was tramping up an' down the lake shore. I wisht I hed gone with you ef only fer such pizen small game ez bullheads; durn a man thet kin let his mind down to bullheads, anyhow! One time I thort I'd take a tramp round the lake an' jine ye, but it looked so foolish to me somehow that I wouldn't do it fur a long time. "No intention of breaking with Marguerite," but arter a while I throwed sum more wood

went on a tramp.

"Boys, the minnit I got into the wood-path I begun to feel easier. A load seemed to be lifted from my heart, someway, and I hadn't gone half a mile when I was myself ag'in an' c'u'd hev gone back to camp an' waited cool enuff fur you to come in. But I were on the tramp now, an' the breath of the balsam and pine made me wish fur a walk, an' so I kept on free an' easy, never thinking of game. About a mile out of camp, where the moon was shin-ing through the trees, I stepped into a little opening an' sot down on a knoll to rest, with Killbuck lying on my knees. I kept quiet, perhaps because it's nat'ral fur me to do thet, an' was thinking what a fool I was to git skeered out of my camp, when I looked up an' see, not twenty yards away, between me and the bushes, a couple of sparks of fire about five feet

from the ground. Venison! I knowed what those two sparks meant ez well ez ef it were broad daylight. They was the eyes of a deer looking across the opening an' standing silent ez death. my rifle with ez much care ez possible an' the quick motion of the two bright sparks told me quick motion of the two bright sparks told me thet he heard the click, an' I heard him jump back among the bushes. I didn't move, because I were pretty sartin thet ef I didn't I'd hev a chaince at him yit. The deer is a curi's critter, an' ef thar is any thing about thet he don't understand, he is jest foolish enuff to try to investigate.

"I got my rifle to my shoulder an' riz on one knee 'thout makin' any noise, when I heerd him whistle, an' ef you will believe it, he charged straight down on me. I never was so charged straight down on me. I never was so 'stonished at a little thing in my life, but I wanted him to stop an' he stopped—kinder! He went down all in a heap an' I commenced to load up, 'cause I never rush in on a buck without a load in the old rifle. They are drefful mean about dying sometimes. I put on a cap an' went toward the buck, when I see two sparks of fire just about the size of a deer's eyes shining close to the ground, but they wa'an't deer's eyes by no manner of means. wa'an't deer's eyes by no manner of means. No; they hed a diffrent look, an' turned all manner of colors in the dark. They was cat's eyes, but whether wildcat or painter I couldn't tell in the dark, but I knowed now what hed skeered the deer an' made him charge down on me in thet foolish way. The animile, what-ever it were, hed jumped onto his back out of

"Boys, I were mad, I tell ye. The idee of being bilked out ov my meat in thet way r'ised all the angry passions in my bosom, an' I wouldn't stand it. I made up my mind, cat or painter, thar would be a fight fur thet venison, so I drawed up Killbuck an' sighted fair atween the sparks of fire an' let him hev it. It were a poor night fur close shooting, with the trees casting shadows on the barrel, but I dedn't care much, an' cracked away.

"Thunder! Thet ball seemed skeercely to hev left the barrilowhen I heerd the screech of a painter an' no mistake, an' half a minnit arter suthin' struck me an' I went down all in a heap, with the painter on top. I got my left hand into the loose skin on thet painter's back, got out my sticker an' went to work. She kept busy, too, an' fur mebbe five minnits we hed the liveliest b'ar-fight you ever heerd on. How I wisht I hed Dan's knife then! I don't hold to pistols much, 'cause they don't seem handy to me, but I'd hev liked one then. The way I held the pointer I kept her jays off my way I held the painter I kept her jaws off my throat, but I couldn't hold her cussid paws. I noticed, even while I was socking the knife inter her, thet the painter didn't use her hind claws—an' they ain't he'lthy, nohow. Finally, ez I got the knife in behind her shoulder an' bore hard on it, she made a spring thet loosened my hold, give one wild screech an' fell dead

across my body.
"I lighted a chunk an' looked at her, an' found out why I wasn't ripped into clothes-lines. My ball hed hit her in the small of the hind-quarters wa'an't no use, an', in my kalki-lation, thet saved my life. Thar's suthin' more than luck in a chance shot like thet. Thar's other work fur the old man to do afore he goes

His breast was covered with deep scratches from the forepaws of the giant "painter," and he had dressed his wounds with some forest herb, the use of which he had learned from the Indians. No man who saw him do his work cared for his hurts. We feasted on the venison, and Harry Viator can show any man the skin of the panther, with the marks of Old Ben's bullet and knife upon it.

Beat Time's Notes.

In the last race I attended, the yacht I was on flew through the water so fast that the fric-tion of the waves actually set the rudder afire. It really went twice as fast as the wind, it was such a fleet craft. Several times, so swift was the speed, the bow was four knots ahead of the stern, and had to lay-to to wait for it to come up. We won the cup—of cider. No one ever saw such a race; indeed, our yacht went as if it went on legs-too fast, in fact, because people with only the very sharpest eyes could see it at all. It made the very dust fly up from the sea. It almost run out from under us as we stood on deck. This yacht is for sale.

MITTES have been discovered in the air so small that it took five men and fourteen microscopes to see a full-fed one. If you should meet one of these monsters out in the wilderness, and he was ready to grab you up and swallow you, it would be better for your feel-ings if you had been smothered to death by I READ the other day that if you oiled your

hand you could hold a red-hot from as long as you wanted to. Will any gentleman have the goodness to tell me just where I could find the man who wrote it? I would rather see him than anybody else. I burn to see him—so does my hand. It would be sweet to see him a mo-

I own a man in this city fifteen dollars. He wouldn't sell me a horse the other day for one hundred dollars; if he had sold him to me I should have been killed before now. I feel that I honestly owe that man fifteen or sixteen

THE wind blew so hard this morning that when I attempted to look across the street, it blew my eyesight down several squares. The wind was so thick you couldn't see throught it.

AMERICANS are said to be better dressed than any other people. The citizens of the interior of Africa would be a good deal better dressed, I think.

I HAVE the pleasure of listening every night to Thomas concerts in my neighborhood. The music is fur-fetched.

THE best way to keep promises is not to give